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KNITTING.

E'en though her tongue may by its
force

Leave me as helpless as a horse,
When barks a saucy pup at him—
I'll love her better for that whim.
No steady summer's love for me,
But let her still uncertain be;
Like spring, whose gusts, and frowns,
and showers,

Do grow us fresher, lovelier flowers.
No substances on earth can make
The joy I from her shadow take;
When first I saw her face, I could
Not help draw near her where she
stood;

I felt more joy than when a Bee
Sees in a garden a Plum-tree
All blossoms and no leaves, and he
Leaps o'er the fence immediately.
I like to see her when she sits—
Not dreaming I look on—and knits;
To see her hands, with grace so light,
Stabbing the wool that's red or white,
With shining needles, sharp and long.
That never seem to go far wrong.
And that sight better pleases me
Than green hills in the Sun: to see
The beach, what time the Tide goes
out

And leaves his gold spread all about.

William H. Davies.

The Nation.

LIGHT AT EVENING TIME.

From dawn till eve thick mist had
veiled the sky;

The ancient hills were shrouded;
ceaseless rain

Obscured the fields, and now the
light was fain,

Scarce having lived, to steal away and
die;

The hours in prayerless gloom had
drifted by—

For prayers but woke old memories
again

Of dear ambitions laid aside as
vain—

And faith long since had failed in
things not nigh.

But in that last dark hour, once bring-
ing rest,

When men returned from labors far
afield

Heavy of foot, with souls denied their
quest,

A sudden wind the gathering gloom
unsealed,

And on a peak far down the golden
west

God for a splendid moment stood
revealed.

W. G. Hole.

The Dublin Review.

THE ONLY FLOWER.

The Violet's had its season,
The Rose has had its day;
The flowers of autumn stayed awhile,
Then softly sped away.
Now, 'twould be weary waiting
With wintry skies above,
Had God not known and sent us
A little flow'r called "Love."

The world is gay with blossoms
In summer, autumn, spring;
But had the heart no garden,
Ah! what would winter bring?
But Love blooms on for ever,
Tho' seasons flutter past,
The only flow'r in all the world
God wills shall last!

Leonard Cooke.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

THE VELDT.

Cast the window wider, sonny,
Let me see the veldt,
Rolling grandly to the sunset,
Where the mountains melt,
With the sharp horizon round it,
Like a silver belt.

There's a promise, if you need it,
For the time to come;
All the veldt is loud and vocal
Where the Bible's dumb.
Heaven is paved with gold for par-
sons,

But it's grassed for some.

Perceval Gibbon.

THE WINGS OF WAR.

Eighty years ago, in a period of which some of the general characteristics appear to us almost as remote as those of palæolithic man, the Liverpool to Manchester Railway was opened, and the new age was begun. How many of those who officiated at that ceremony, the harbinger of the conditions of the modern world, realized the vastness of the change, the all-penetrative quality of the effect, which steam was to apply to the evolution of man? Could they have seen, as in a vision, the gigantic alterations, direct and indirect, which were to accrue politically, socially, economically, even mentally and morally, through the mere development of a mechanical device, how should they have contained their amazement, or how been able to continue the even tenor of their previous way?

But, in the nature of things, no such conception was possible. The human imagination cannot grasp the aspect of the future, even though logical thought might tear the curtain back and grant a glimpse into the dim vistas of the time to come.

So now, in 1909, the human race stands, certainly and obviously, at the portals of a changed world. The surfaces of sea and land suffice mankind no more. No longer doomed to disport themselves only in the lowest stratum of the ocean of air which enwraps our globe, men shortly shall be free to move upward and downward, to and fro, in its viewless depths, and its paths, unalaid save by the chemistry of nature and of time, shall give them passage to new destinies and new conditions.

Is this prospect assured? Is it the case, some will ask, that aerial navigation already offers these possibilities to the nations of the earth? The re-

ply is "No," if we confine our survey to that which has been as yet achieved. If we choose to leave out of account the entire promise of coming time; if we ignore the march of mechanical invention; if we resolutely assume that that conquest of the air, which is being effected visibly and with increasing rapidity week by week and day by day, will suffer sudden and permanent arrest at the moment when this article is written or is read; if we clothe ourselves with infallibility like to that of those men of science who, in the third decade of the nineteenth century, declared it to be impossible that any ship should ever cross the Atlantic under steam—then, in that case, these forecasts are vain, and, for us, the shadow of a new future does not lie across the earth.

But if we decline to ignore the obvious; if we grasp the fact that the best brains of the world will soon be engaged (if they are not engaged already) in the solution of the problems of aerial flight, and that a large part of the difficulties which have long delayed that solution has already been removed; then the question of the effects which this portentous change in human affairs is calculated to produce will acquire immediate and painful interest. Amidst the crowds of rejoicing English people who witnessed at Dover the gallant and all but successful attempt of M. Latham to cross the Channel in a flying machine, one wonders if any reflected that they were assisting at the first stage of the funeral of the sea power of England.

Already the dirigible balloon of the Zeppelin type can traverse a thousand miles without replenishment of fuel; already, according to a reported interview with one of the Wright brothers, it would be possible to construct an

aeroplane which could rival that performance. Who is hardy enough to set a limit to the achievements of the next ten, or even of the next five years? The truth is that the coming conquest of the air by man is now a certainty and that what is left in doubt is the date of the different stages of achievement.

We know, for instance, that the Atlantic will before long be crossed by a lighter than air machine, but we do not know whether the Wrights are too sanguine in anticipating the event within twelve months. We know again that it will be traversed by a machine heavier than air within a very few years, but we do not know whether the number of those intervening years will be two, or three, or five, or ten. (Probably most men who realize the rate of progress of the art of aviation will be inclined to one of the earlier estimates.)

It is proposed here, then, to lift the gaze from the immediate present, and to dare to look towards the not distant future. Let us suppose that ten or fifteen, or may it be twenty, years have elapsed, and that that has happened which is bound to happen. Let us imagine that lines of flying machines have been started all over the world, and that passage through the air is the accepted mode of human transit. Then we shall find also that what may be termed the centre of military gravity will be in process of shifting from the sea and the land to that aerial ocean which encompasses both.

If any doubt this, let them consider that even if aerial navigation should be confined to the comparatively awkward and slow vessels which the persevering genius of Count Zeppelin has created, our position in Egypt will probably have become untenable in five years from now, unless by the possession of an aerial navy of our

own. For we may at least assume that within that space of time, dirigible balloons will have immensely increased in radius of action and in carrying capacity. If a voyage of two or three thousand miles should then be within their reach, and if Germany and Austria should then possess a large fleet of these craft (as they certainly will, unless airships of that type become obsolete in the interim), it would be within the power of those States to transport in less than forty-eight hours what would be literally "a flying column" of several thousand men to any point or points in Egypt which they choose to attack. It may be objected that such force would have neither cavalry nor artillery, but for scouting purposes cavalry would not then be wanted, while by that date some dirigibles, at all events, would be built to carry and to discharge light guns. At any rate, it is plain that all existing military and naval arrangements for the defence of Egypt would be revolutionized by the presence of such a possibility as that which is likely, if not certain, actually to accrue.

I quote this instance of Egypt, however, merely as an illustration of the manner in which what I have called the centre of military gravity will be transferred to the air. The object of military force, whether exerted on the sea or on the land, or (in future days) in the region above, is to coerce an enemy. The coercion is effected by the defeat of his armaments, the destruction of his property, and as has been frequently the case in the past and may probably be the case again, by the general slaughter of his citizens. Now an aerial navy within at the most half a generation of the present time, and most likely very much sooner, will have it in its power to destroy both life and property, whether at sea or on shore, and it could only be effectually prevented from exercising that

power by a force possessed of like attributes, that is, by another aerial navy.

Therefore it is absolutely certain so soon as flying machines are produced (whether lighter or heavier than the air) having (1) wide radius of action, and (2) the means of giving direction to the explosives which they emit, then navies on the sea and armies on the land will alike be obsolescent. For sea navies and land armies will then be equally impotent to protect the lives and the property of the nations which maintain them, or to defeat the aerial fleets which destroy those lives and that property.

Only conceive the plight of the British mercantile marine, if exposed to the swift attack of assailants from the air. Conceive also the inability of the British Navy (so long as it remained tied to the face of the sea), to give protection to that marine. As M. Bleriot, in his memorable Channel flight, passed over English men-of-war before he attained English soil, so in the future may the crews of English fighting ships be doomed helplessly to gaze into the skies while fleets which they are powerless to reach pass over their heads to the destruction of that which they seek to defend.

(It is perhaps necessary to observe here that I speak of the future, and that nothing short of insensate folly could make the need of providing for that future an excuse for neglect to strengthen the existing navy now.)

As a commerce destroyer, the flying machine of days to come will indeed have an enormous potentiality. Poised, like a hawk, high in the skies, with a huge expanse of ocean under survey, and able to sweep upon her prey with a speed far exceeding perhaps that of the swiftest wind, her power of wreaking mischief will be immense, so long as ships continue to float on the surface of the sea.

Less absolutely annihilatory, though yet tremendous and crushing, would be the power of an aerial fleet to effect destruction upon land. It has indeed been said that explosives launched from an airship or an aeroplane would inflict no greater injury than similar explosives hurtling through the air in a shell. But the bombardment of a town can only be attempted by a fleet or an army. To use the first requires the greater sea power; to use the second, the greater land force. But against a fleet sailing in the abyss of air, both these superiorities would be valueless. Unless every large town in Britain could be provided with a numerous and powerful artillery, warranted, even in dark night, to hit objects which those who aim it cannot see, no protection against aerial attack could be given either by the British Navy or the British Army to British cities. Against each such city, the aerial force could concentrate its attack, and bombard it at will, choosing its own time, and able also—since we are speaking of time some years hence, when speeds will have vastly increased—to renew within a few hours the stores which it expends.

But it cannot be requisite to labor this point. It must surely be admitted that the existence of an aerial fleet, capable of causing an immensely wide destruction and incapable of defeat save by another similar fleet, must involve the passing to those fleets of the supreme interests of war.

What follows again from this position is that we are approaching the verge of a change far greater than that which occurred sixty years ago, when the introduction of steam suddenly rendered obsolete all the sailing warships of the world. That change eclipsed only the then existing fleets of all the nations. This change, now coming, will eclipse their armies, too.

And in that eclipse is evidently in-

volved a vast revolution in the life of Europe. The very foundation of the modern European system is the obligation of compulsory military service. *Pace* our English Radicals, whose ideas of the universe are perhaps more profoundly opposed to fact than those of any set of politicians who ever preceded them, all human arrangements are in reality based upon force, and force in Europe takes the form of vast masses of men, of whom as many as possible are to be brought into the firing line. Upon the efficient fulfilment of this necessity, the maintenance of the political geography of Europe depends. Because Russia failed to fulfil it, we have lately seen that geography altered, and Bosnia and Herzegovina incorporated in the Austrian Empire.

But the moment in which flying machines become the dominant factors of war will be a moment at which the whole European polity will be pierced at its base. To bring masses of soldiers into line of battle will become an aimless act of archaic stupidity. For they will be unable to defeat the machines; and they will be unable to prevent them from ravaging the resources of the individual and of the State.

Hence the necessity of universal compulsory service will pass away—to the infinite loss of the moral and physical health of the European peoples—and, in the stead of masses of briefly-trained men, will arise a new set of elaborately-trained warriors to man the aerial machines of the future.

If this diagnosis of tendency be correct, the governing conditions of the twentieth century will approximate to those of the seventeenth and the eighteenth. In that age victory was gained by rapidity of fire, and such rapidity could be attained and, above all, maintained in action, only by persistent, prolonged and elaborate training.

That training, again, involved the creation of standing armies, of a set of men, that is, who lived under conditions widely differentiating them from their fellow-citizens, and under the influence of ideas which made them a class apart. This class necessarily took its orders from the executive authority, which in those days was usually the sovereign, and constituted, in the hands of that authority, the irresistible instrument of despotic will. From this cause proceeded the unbounded domestic power of Louis the Fourteenth and of Frederick the Great; of the French kings and of the German princes; of Oliver Cromwell, and of the Russian Czars. They ruled absolutely because, within their own dominions, no force existed competent to resist that which they wielded.

Thus were the entire internal politics of the civilized world governed by the needs of fire discipline.

If there is any truth in these observations, and if fleets of flying machines are fated (as appears certain) to become the arbiters of war, then every reflecting person must see that democracy is likely to encounter a very great peril. Unless those fleets can be handled and can be fought so easily as to render elaborate training unnecessary, a special class of men must be set apart to their use, and these will give to whatever authority they obey an absolutely overwhelming power.

The supreme authority in any State, whatever it may be called, must be always, in fact, either an oligarchy or an autocracy, because, in the nature of things, no large body of men can direct administration. Therefore the executive authorities of the future will certainly be assailed with a tremendous temptation to substitute personal rule for the forms of democracy. It has often been said that a great navy is no menace to liberty; nor could it be hitherto, since its power stops with

the sea. But a fleet of airships will suffer from no such disability, and as regards the State to which it appertains it will be omnipotent and omnipresent.

If the multitudes of people assembled, even as this is written, at Rheims realized the probable effects on European institutions of flying machines, it may well be doubted if their cheers would be so loud.

But to Englishmen, and to British citizens generally, the one question which is of dominating interest is that of the probable result of this revolution upon Britain and upon the British Empire. That result is at once sure and terrible, though the exact date of its accomplishment cannot be foretold. We shall be torn from our pedestal of insularity and flung into the same arena in the dust of which our fellow-nations strive. That shield of sea-power will be taken from us, which more or less has been ours since in the thirteenth century Eustace the Monk cut off, in the Channel, the succors of Louis the Dauphin. We shall be able no longer to live in the saving shadow of Trafalgar. The blood which we have paid as "the price of Admiralty" has secured us our past. Will it do nothing to secure our future?

The answer must depend on the soul of England—on the spirit and fire that still live in our race. For the mastery of the seas, which our fathers won for us, their children, was gained by effort long continued, by self-sacrifice, by virile energy, by nerve, by daring, by all the qualities of men.

Will not like qualities be needed now, and, if that be possible, in even greater abundance than were required of old? What pen or pencil is adequate to present the scenes of future strife? When the midnight enemy rush through the air at speeds now undreamt of; when the opposing fleet grapples with them in the void; when every man in either navy is face to

face with instant death—will not then discipline and devotion be wanted in a measure equal at least to the needs of yore?

And if heroic valor, skill, nerve, and quick decision will be necessary in those who obey and those who command in the conflicts of the air, not less will foresight, patient preparation, and patriotism (which is another name for self-sacrifice) be required of the nation which wishes to preserve its independence amidst perils greater, because swifter and more instant, than were ever known before. Moreover, the power to bear armaments is at once the trial and the sum of a nation's strength. Its manufacturing ability, its wealth, its public spirit, the honesty and soundness of its work and its workmen are all tried, as by fire, in that test.

Therefore both the warlike exploits of our forefathers, whether by sea or land, and the example of sacrifice set in times past by the nation as a whole, remain to us as abiding sources of strength, whence, if we will but bear them in mind, we may draw the spirit that will bring victory in conflicts to come.

But this much of advantage at least we shall derive from the substitution of aerial fleets for squadrons and armies fighting on the surface of the world—that the number of men required for the purposes of war will be incomparably less than is required now. The fact that naval strength involves the need of fewer men than military strength gave us advantage in earlier days, and it was this fact which enabled England, a century back, with a population of some ten millions, to hold her own against the twenty-five millions of France. But under the new conditions the difference is likely to be greater far. Germany, which now with such fervor of national enthusiasm seeks the lead in this con-

quest of the air, may find and will find in the ultimate issue that she has thrown away the privilege of numbers and placed herself on an equality with less populous states. By her own action, she is taking means which must eventually destroy the entire military system on which she now bases her national life.

If these results are amongst the progeny of the power of the air, others, not less momentous, remain to be estimated. The abolition of distance means the approach of the east to the west, and involves a danger to Australia and New Zealand which none but the wilfully blind could fail to see.

The distance from Hong Kong to Port Darwin on the northern shores of Australia is but 2300 miles. Every indication points to the attainment of high speeds by the flying machines of the future. Nor is it possible that

The Nineteenth Century and After.

China will very long resist the causes which will compel her adoption of these. If she decline to adopt them, she must become the subject empire of some other race. And when she does adopt them, then, it may be in fifteen years, it may be in thirty, a reservoir of humanity containing five hundred millions of beings will be brought within a few hours distance of an almost empty continent.

Again, while at present over 4000 miles of ocean divide Japan from Canada and from the United States, that distance will shrivel into insignificance in presence of the new means of communication.

It is vain to shut our eyes to the immense and ominous signs of coming danger; it is vain to refuse to recognize the gigantic shadow cast by the wings of war.

Harold F. Wyatt.

CHINA IN TRANSFORMATION.

Although the Chinese Empire is the home of one-fourth of the world's population, the other three-fourths know, in reality, very little about this vast perplexing country. How few Chinese statesmen or leaders have stamped their names on the memory, or their images on the imagination, of the Western World! The Empress-Dowager, quite one of the most remarkable women in the history of the world, was a familiar character, though little understood, less interesting since she admitted the interviewer and journalist into her palace and allowed them, with banalities, to belittle our conception of her and her conception of us. Her great Minister Li also enjoyed an international reputation, but then Europe had met him in the flesh during his wonderful spectacular tour. Both these celebrities commanded attention

rather than respect. With the exception of the Empress-Dowager and Li, however, only one personality has, as it were, got over the footlights to the European audience, and that is Yuan Shihkai, erstwhile commander of the Northern Army, Viceroy of Chihli, member of the Grand Council, and member of the Wai-Wu-Pu (the reconstructed Ministry of Foreign Affairs), now a private gentleman nursing his health (at the suggestion of the Court) on his own estates in Honan. Yuan is such a popular favorite in this country that the news of his fall was received with consternation by the Press, and some writers urged that Great Britain should put pressure on the Chinese Government to secure his return, although they were not very clear as to what form that "pressure" should take. As a matter of fact, the

British and American Ministers—and they alone, be it noted—actually went to the length of making “friendly representations” to the Regent, but, after receiving a polite reply to the effect that Yuan’s departure indicated no change in the policy of the Government, they were hardly able to do or say anything more.

There are good reasons for Yuan’s notoriety. He is certainly the best administrator China has had for half a century. He is a thorough-going Chinese, with strong national pride, and he is progressive and practical. The combination is not so rare as might be thought in China; but in Yuan’s case, as in that of Li, fortune also played into his hands and, as the henchman of the Empress-Dowager, he attained a power that his own merits might have failed to win. The careers of Li and Yuan in relation to the late Empress-Dowager were closely parallel in the *coups d’état* of 1875 and 1898. Both rendered services to their Imperial mistress which she never forgot. But, by throwing in his lot with the Dowager-Empress rather than with Kwanghsü and the reformers, Yuan discounted his own political future. His Mistress dies, and the Emperor Kwanghsü, her victim, does not survive her, but the present Regent is Kwanghsü’s brother, the reform party (albeit with moderated views) is really in the ascendant, and the Chinese, remembering Yuan’s treachery to his master, consider that he has got off cheaply. An impression seems to obtain that his departure meant the triumph of reaction and anti-foreign feeling over the spirit of progress, but the split is moving in too large, and even in too blind, a way to be arrested by any change in the personnel of the Peking Government.

No one who has any acquaintance with Chinese habits of mind would expect them to begin reform from the

foundations up, as we should. Possibly the reason of the difference lies in a fundamental disagreement as to what “foundations” really are. Personally, I have for many years past been urging that until China gets her finances into order reform is impossible; but since I am convinced that China is progressing, although her finances are in a worse state than ever, I may have to modify my opinion. China treats finance with outward respect. She has a Ministry of Finance at whose head is Duke Tsai Tse, who conducted the Imperial Mission abroad of 1906, and whose reports are said to have “laid the foundations of future constitutional government.” But China has no budget, and she has no standard currency, although an attempt was made to fix upon one in October, 1906. The provincial mints, which used to turn out their own coinage, have been partially stopped, but notes, printed in Japan, are issued recklessly, without a bullion reserve. The Chinese have not even the excuse of novelty in the banking system, for it is of great antiquity in their country and highly organized. And yet one is reminded by their financial operations of the young wife who, when informed that her account was overdrawn, remedied the matter by sending a cheque to balance!

Until quite recently the financial confusion was not seriously reflected in commercial circles. Recently in Tientsin the native merchants could only show assets of a million sterling against two millions of debts; but this was mainly the result of foreign merchants giving unlimited credit. The speculative spirit is bound to increase, and the depreciation of silver, the fall in customs revenues, and the heavy levies in the provinces (always in silver), to meet the gold indemnity, are bound to result eventually in disorganization of trade. Simultaneously

with all this muddling we find China has started a postal-order service, which is sure to be freely used, and ought to be well worked. In this connection it must be mentioned that although the postal service, now so highly developed, owes a good deal to the work of the foreign staff of the Imperial Maritime Customs, it is in reality a Chinese service, and its rapid development is largely due to the organization already existing among the Chinese themselves.

Take, again, the question of communications. In the general "reform" of government a Ministry of Communications was set up, and an entirely new railway policy was initiated which had something in its favor. Hitherto railway lines in China had been either (a) political lines, built under concessions to foreign governments, like those constructed by Germany in Shantung or by Russia in Manchuria, (b) Chinese Government lines, built under foreign management and with foreign capital, or (c) lines undertaken by foreign syndicates under concessions whereby the railways themselves were pledged. The growing desire to keep "China for the Chinese" led to a popular idea that the Government ought to retain not only the control but even the construction of communications in its own hands, and in one case a heavy redemption was paid to get back a concession on which very little work had been done. Negotiations for fresh lines were purposely prolonged, existing contracts were obstructed, and, to cut a long story short, a fresh basis was eventually established by which the Chinese Government retained full control and did not even mortgage the lines to foreign bondholders. Special revenues were then earmarked for the payment of interest. Quite recently, however, a further stage has been reached. It had been considered necessary, for the

safeguarding of the bondholders, that a foreign chief engineer and auditor should be included in every scheme, but on the two latest lines for which loans have been concluded the Chinese Government apparently reserves to itself even fuller discretion in this matter. The Imperial Government, it is true, gives a guarantee—and we have no reason to suppose that this will be disregarded—but the absence of any stipulation as to foreign supervision means that there will be an increase in the number of badly-made lines and badly administered Chinese companies, and a growing distaste, both among foreign and native investors, to be associated with railway enterprise. Here, again, China seems to be starting at the wrong end. She has neither a good administration nor trained officials to take charge of the works, and until she has both it is suicidal to exclude foreign supervision. It is true that the Chinese are building the Peking-Kalgan line with their own money and engineers, and a section of the line from Shanghai to Hangchow, constructed by Chinese, was recently opened. But these lines are the exception which proves the rule. The Ministry of Communications is notoriously one of the worst in China. Chen-pi, the Minister in charge, has been foremost in opposing the employment of foreigners in any posts of importance. Chang Chih-tung, being anxious to push on the trunk line from Hankau to Canton, was willing to employ foreigners in order to save the waste and delay resulting from Chinese methods, but the Ministry of Communications strenuously opposed this. Chen-pi has, however, been impeached and degraded for corruption, so a change for the better may possibly occur. The hopeful point is that the Chinese want railways, and mean to have them somehow. A striking anomaly is that, while the postal

service is excellent and cheap, the telegraph (a much older service) is dear and bad. It has hitherto been run by private companies, but has now been taken over by Government, so that reform is at least possible. Unfortunately, with their usual knack of beginning at the wrong end, the Chinese have not attempted so far to mend their roads or restore their waterways. When the last manoeuvres, in Ngan-hwei, were held, over 140 miles of road had actually to be made in the district, as only wheelbarrows and ponies could be used on the tracks which served for communication!

If there is one subject that has preoccupied the Powers more than another in connection with China it is the time-honored exaction of *likin*. Again and again efforts have been made to remove this obstacle to foreign trade, but each time *likin* has disappeared in one form, only to reappear in another. The Chinese Government now asks for a fresh discussion of the *likin* question with a view to its abolition, in consideration, of course, of an increase of Customs duties. *Likin* was to be abolished by the Mackay treaty, in return for a considerable increase in both import and export duties; but this innovation was not to come into force until all the other treaty Powers had also given their assent. This assent has not yet been obtained. The British merchants of the China side and their representatives at home are weary of asking their Government to insist on treaty obligations, and naturally view without much enthusiasm a proposal that the Chinese should exact a tangible and substantial increase in duties in exchange for a promise which in the present condition of their administration they have not the power, even if they had the will, to fulfil. For that is really the truth about *likin*. Suppress it at one point and it

bursts out at another, and will continue to do so until the administration is purified of the hordes of officials and hangers-on who have no other means of subsistence than this particular form of "squeeze." Moreover, whereas the Chinese Government claims a reconsideration of the commercial status on the grounds that she is reorganizing her finances the plausible view is that she wants the increased Customs revenue to pay for reforms which are, so far, in embryo. In any case, the tendencies towards reform in this direction—as in the case of constitutional reform since the return of the Commissioners in 1906—have so far been confused and vague, and, taken in conjunction with the financial muddle, do not present a very bright prospect. And yet, on the principle of *nil desperandum*, I suppose we may as well discuss *likin* again. The present Chinese Government is certainly more "progressive" than any previous one, and it is no good alienating them by too rigorous an insistence on past events and obligations.

In another Department of State the unexpected has happened. The army, now under a Ministry of War, though far from being in numbers and efficiency what some panegyrists have painted it, is still making progress. As regards numbers, it appears that out of thirty-six divisions of the great new army only five have been raised, and in Chihli province alone has the proper complement of two divisions been provided. A scheme of compulsory service is now under consideration! The last autumn manoeuvres during December, 1908, were not by any means so imposing as those of 1906, a force of only 21,000 men being employed. The whole affair was a set piece, no initiative being allowed to the officers and the "umpires" doing no umpiring. The material (drawn from the Yangtze

provinces, and not from Yuan's Northern army) was good, both as regards physique and discipline, but there were all the old flaws—the discrepancy of arms (Krupp, Mauser, and Japanese rifles; German, Japanese, and Danish machine-guns), the ammunition of different kinds, and the lack of any reality in the manœuvres executed. It was a well-staged piece of "make-see." Notwithstanding all this, the spirit introduced into China by Yuan Shih-kai, when he elevated soldiery from a contemptible position in the social scale to the rank of a respectable and paying trade, has undoubtedly spread far and wide. The army is recruited from a good class, officers are being trained on modern lines, albeit in a somewhat academic form, and with such splendid fighting material as China affords one cannot doubt that her military progress will be sure, if slow. Sir Robert Hart, who, after his long experience in the Chinese Customs, seems to think in millions, has several times presented us with a picture of serried ranks of Chinese soldiers forming an irresistible factor in world evolution. But, whereas in the days just after the Boxer trouble he viewed these armies as the implacable foes of the Western world, bound to sweep across it in a yellow flood, he now declares¹ that a militant China will be a force making for peace, that she will, in fact, dictate peace: "Now, gentlemen, there must be no more fighting!" The millennium has seldom been presented in a more fantastic light than that of an armed, efficient China dictating peace to quarrelsome Europe and America. For practical purposes all that is necessary is to remember that in the near future China will have a fighting force of no mean size or ability, and that she will use it to hold her own, if not to attempt the recovery of what she

¹ December 7th, Lisburn, and December 14th, 1908, London.

has lost. Her people are fully alive to the necessity of force behind the law.

The improvement in the *moral* of the soldier class is one of the most significant features in China, because it is really a fundamental reform, and as such cannot be easily arrested. An equally significant change is found in the attitude now adopted by the best Chinese towards opium, and this is really more important than statistics as to the acreage under poppy cultivation or the number of dens suppressed in any particular town. As far as it is possible to judge, there is a genuine reaction on the part of the educated classes against the use of the drug and an honest attempt by many of the Government officials to carry out the regulations prohibiting it, but this is by no means equivalent to saying that those regulations are meeting the case or that the people generally are being weaned from the drug habit. To those acquainted with the general character of the Chinese there has always been something a little ludicrous in the attitude of the extreme anti-opium party in this country, and I myself, after a considerable experience, was unable to endorse the very heavy charges brought against opium as a demoralizing factor. Alcohol in our own country is a worse evil, and it is contended by some savants that the Chinese were much addicted to alcohol before they took to opium. Our own generation, however, has seen great improvement towards sobriety in our middle and upper classes, and this is reflected in the attitude of the same classes in China towards the excessive use of a drug which, with them, took the place of the bottle. It is to be hoped that the prohibitory prices put on opium will not revive the drink habit, and it is even more desirable that other drugs, such as morphia, should not be permitted to replace

opium. Both these undesirable contingencies have already presented themselves in a concrete form.

It is only since November, 1906, that any serious attempt has been made to regulate the growth and use of opium, when an edict was issued decreeing that the area under poppy cultivation should be reduced by one-tenth annually for ten years, so that at the end of that time no opium should be produced in China, and the use of the drug should cease. One-seventh of the opium used in China is imported, chiefly from India, and in consideration of the virtuous intentions of Peking, the British Government of 1908 consented to a self-denying ordinance whereby the Indian export is to be reduced by one-tenth each year for a period of ten years, after which the importation is to be stopped altogether. There have not been wanting critics who declared that Peking's chief aim was to establish a Government monopoly in opium, so that China will have to give solid proofs of her *bona fide* intention to destroy the industry root and branch. And this is a gigantic undertaking, compared to which the total abolition of alcohol in the British Isles would be comparatively easy. The machinery of administration, whereby the regulations must be carried into effect, is composed very largely of officials who are themselves confirmed opium-eaters, and the physical discomfort, and often collapse, caused by a total abandonment of the habit, even when not indulged in to excess, are quite out of proportion to the sufferings of a moderate drinker when deprived of his beer or spirits.

Two methods by which the regulations used to be evaded may be mentioned. In Honan, it is reported, the area under cultivation was officially declared to be twenty or thirty per cent. more than was actually the fact, so that the "reduction" could be faced

with equanimity for some years to come. In Szechuan, which consumes about half the opium used in China, practically the whole amount used being grown in the province, it was said that the only change till recently was the substitution of official for private stations for the sale of the drug. Sir A. Hosie's last report (China, No. 1, 1909), however, states that a very great reduction of poppy land, both in Honan and Szechuan, has taken place, and, though the various provincial reports are conflicting, on the whole success has been, in the opinion of Sir J. N. Jordan, as great as could be expected. The Opium Commission which met at Shanghai early this year put on record, as the first of its resolutions, that it recognized "the unswerving sincerity of the Government of China in its efforts to eradicate the production and consumption of opium throughout the Empire, the increasing body of public opinion among the Chinese by whom these efforts are supported, and the real, though unequal, progress already made in a task of the greatest magnitude." The Commission found the unrestricted manufacture, sale, and distribution of morphine to be a great and growing danger, and urged strict control of this and other noxious derivatives of opium. If writing of any other country than China, one would say that a reorganization of the whole financial system and the opening up of fresh industries and sources of taxation were absolutely essential before anti-opium regulations could be applied. In Topsy-Turvydom, however, things work out differently, and in the teeth of every disadvantage I believe it is really true that the better class Chinese, the better class officials, and even the Peking Government itself, are generally anxious to break the hold upon their people of a drug which is generally believed to have deleterious effects.

A very important feature in the situation is the attitude of Japan. Japan, it will be remembered, prohibited the import of opium in her own territory and reduced its consumption, but she was the last of the Powers to give her consent to the prohibition of the importation of morphia into China except for medicinal purposes—a necessary sequence to the suppression of opium. Moreover, Japan does not take any steps to discourage the opium traffic in Manchuria, and she has only slightly reduced the number of smokers in Formosa. This action may be defended by a reference to the conduct of Great Britain in Hong Kong and the Malay States and Straits Settlements. In the former all the opium dens have been closed, but the sale of opium has not been prohibited, and many people believe that the habit will merely be indulged in even worse surroundings. In the Malay States and Straits Settlements the Royal Commission has reported merely in favor of stricter control of opium-smoking in place of suppression. In Ceylon, it is true, sweeping measures are likely to be adopted. In all the Crown Colonies, however, conditions vary from those in China itself, especially in the fact that in the former a much stricter and more paternal Government holds the reins, and can regulate the use of the drug, though it might be inexpedient to attempt as yet to abolish it altogether. China herself must show the way in this respect. As long as she grows and uses opium herself, there is no possibility that it could be prohibited by other Powers merely from sentimental considerations. It is China whose national self-respect and moral consciousness are involved, and it is she who must prove, to demonstration, that she is in earnest in making pecuniary sacrifices for the sake of the national moral.

The reader who has followed me so

far in my rapid survey of China's recent progress will probably by this time have realized that "progress" has meant not so much the actual sum of achievement as an indefinable alteration in the attitude of the nation. The movement is best summed up in the word "education," and, taking education in its true sense—the formation of character, not the acquisition of a mass of information—we find in all the tangled gropings of the Chinese, in all their mistakes and muddles, that the nation is really reforming itself, not from the top downwards, as was done in Japan, but from the base upwards, as becomes the oldest and truest of democracies. Character has always been the touchstone of success in China, where the humblest may rise to Ministerial rank, and so far was this principle carried that no attempt was made to specialize—the man who rose to the top was expected to take, *en route*, any post that offered without a vestige of expert knowledge. If China can retain her sound belief in character, and yet graft on to it some of the Western standards of expert efficiency, the result may surprise the world. So far the actual technical progress of education itself has been of a mixed character.

Since the old classical education, after being undermined by foreign intercourse, was swept away in 1905 by the decree abolishing the historic system of examinations a great impetus has been given to the new educational movement. There is an Imperial University at Peking, where foreign languages, law, mathematics, chemistry, and physiology are taught by European and Japanese professors, while a medical school (the Chinese Medical College) was founded in 1906 for the training of students, whose diplomas are recognized by Government. At Tientsin there are a Chinese University, an Anglo-Chinese college, an in-

dustrial school (under Japanese supervision), and medical colleges, apart from private and Russian schools. In nearly all the provincial capitals colleges have been founded, while schools of all kinds—primary and secondary, agricultural, mechanical, and military—grew like mushrooms. Quantity is more remarkable than quality. The chief feature is absence of uniformity. Moreover, it has been recognized that such professions as doctoring or soldiering need to be studied in schools specially provided for the purpose, and this opens the door to the whole field of specialization.

A most interesting and important suggestion has recently been put forward by the Rev. Lord William Cecil as to the advisability of organizing an educational centre in China, a union of colleges, independent of any missionary society, yet, with Christian sympathies. Up till now a vast amount of education has been carried on in China through the mission centres, principally those of the United States, and there is no reason why this work should cease—an Emergency Committee proposes to support medical training colleges, the education of Chinese teachers and pastors, and the dissemination of literature—but it is well known to all who have personal acquaintance with China that the missions find their greatest difficulty in reaching the wealthier and more cultivated classes. The youths of these classes are being sent abroad in great numbers to study, and the result is that they too often lose their own moral view-point without attaining any other—they return neither Confucians nor Christians. In addition to the universities at Peking and Tientsin, there is another in the province of Shansi, staffed with missionary-educated teachers and some foreigners, and patronized by the gentry of the province; but, so far, modern educa-

tion is too young a plant to have grown to any great size, and the overwhelming difficulty is to find really qualified professors and teachers. Lord William Cecil's Committee seems to design a university supported as an educational mission by the English-speaking public, and therefore able to enlist the services of a highly-trained staff imbued with a genuine desire to benefit the Chinese. Probably such a university, if properly supported by the Government, and if religious propaganda were kept in the background, might attract the best Chinese students, who would certainly be none the worse for having escaped the atmosphere of the students' circles at Tokio or elsewhere. The intended university at Hong Kong is considered by many to be a superior scheme, likely to be less inclined to abstract science and philosophy than to practical subjects such as engineering and medicine; the federation of the Chinese so-called colleges would in reality, it is maintained, be a federation of schools. The Germans are about to start a well devised and highly efficient High School at Kiaochau—on practical lines. The high Chinese officials are desirous of getting the best in European education for their sons, but they do not want that education to be the medium for converting them to Christianity. They send their boys, therefore, not to missionary schools, but to foreign ones where no religious education or sectarian bias is evident, and it is as an educational establishment, pure and simple, that Lord William Cecil's proposed university will have to be worked if it is to keep the Chinese students in their own country. Until a few years ago the foreign-educated or foreign-trained man was anathema to Government, and had no chance of official promotion. Now he is greatly in demand. Tang Shao-yi, chief lieutenant of Yuan, who was

sent on an important mission to Japan and the United States, and visited the chief countries of Europe to report on financial reform, was educated at Columbia College, U.S.A. Liang Tun-yen, formerly Customs taotal and now Assistant President of the Foreign Office (the highest post to which any foreign-educated Chinese has attained), is a graduate of Yale, and was a noted baseball player in his time.

The proposed university will need to receive some assurance as to the status of its students in their after-career before it can compete with foreign universities for the best youth of China. Perhaps the most striking feature about education in China is the fact, attested by recent travellers, that the Confucian and Buddhist temples are being turned into village schools. Unfortunately, it will be many years before teachers can be provided who are really fitted for their task. Japan has sent over many, and for a time, during a period of anti-foreign reaction in Government circles, it looked as though Europeans were to be ousted from all educational posts. The minor ones were filled with half-educated Japanese and Chinese turned out wholesale in Tokio—men who had read Herbert Spencer and Haeckel, but knew nothing of the world and less of educational methods. This influx of blind leaders of the blind from Japan, though it has diminished of late, is bound to continue, just as the return of the youth from his foreign school, where he has gulped down an unassimilable dose of "Western learning" and acquired a most grotesque idea of his own cleverness, is bound to upset the currents of thought and set the cauldron of emotion bubbling. But, given time, the Chinese will get a truer perspective, and perhaps no better help towards that end could be devised than the establishment of a

really first-class university, with high standards, where the best students would be measured against each other and against professors whose weight and influence would be on the side of thoroughness and genuine learning. The great memorizing power of the Chinese gives them, measured against Western youths, a spurious air of brilliance, and the difference of both moral and social atmosphere to which they are subjected in Europe and America, where they see only the freedom and know nothing of the inward restraints and sanctions, are demoralizing factors which need to be removed from their path if China is to find the statesman she needs.

Here we have arrived at the key to the situation—China has the spirit of progress in her midst; she can get the technical equipment if she tries, but will she find the man for the moment? Yuan, in disgrace, is the only real statesman in sight. The Court is still ruled by eunuchs, the Regent is the traditional Manchu, though he dabbles in political and social reform studies, and the new Empress-Dowager is the old one without the extraordinary strength of character of Tze-hsi. I have always maintained that reform in China would come from below, and, despite a long array of show edicts, that is its true history. This being the case, we have not to reckon up what the Government has done or left undone: on the one hand so many schools built, opium "suppressed," a modern army raised; on the other no financial reform, no recognition of treaty obligations, no administrative reform. We have rather to try to get a look at the people, and see how their outlook on life is changing and what are their ideals. Here is the key to the situation. China has awakened to national consciousness; she has evolved an embryonic but genuine national patriotism; she is learning to read.

The movement, so wide-spread through the means of the railways, postal service, and newspapers, now reaching the farthest corners of the Empire, must gather momentum as it rolls on. It cannot be stopped; hardly can it be checked, even by a reactionary Government. Years ago I travelled through China and saw the dawning of the change, and called it "China in Transformation." Things move slowly in the East, but if one were back again it would be hard to recognize many of the old places. Peking is a modern city, where once we toiled painfully over roads when a slip might

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mean death by drowning in a vile gutter, and where paper lanterns shed a fitful glare through the miasma of undrained streets. Now there are two-storied buildings, macadamized roads, carriages, banks, telephones, electric light, and—strangest of all—policemen! Students play games and affect "sports." And not Peking only, but some of the provincial cities, present the same changed appearance. In most countries one would say "veneer"; but here it is, I believe, the outward and visible sign of an inward—and even a spiritual—grace. China is moving at last, and will go far.

Archibald R. Colquhoun.

AS IT HAPPENED.

BOOK II.

THE CHANCES OF THE ROAD

CHAPTER I.

MORALIZINGS UPON A HAIR TRUNK AND OTHER THINGS.

Everything must begin somewhere, an elementary proposition to which this section of my story offers no exception. Let it begin, then, in the gray of a winter's morning in a little low-celled attic in an old house in the one walled city which England can show. The sun is still abed, the crumbling red pinnacles of the cathedral over the roofs there are still unwarmed, but a pink cloudlet floats high in the ether, an angel, maybe, soaring homeward after a night's watch beside some nervous child.

The attic is poorly lit, a blind is drawn across the hasped lattice, the day of free ventilation is still afar. Not that the room is close, an open chimney attends to that, a bold square of brickwork wherein young swallows twitter in July, and which admits a narrow splash of midsummer sun halfway down to the hearthstone. Upon this hearthstone lies something, which,

as the light gains, we see to be a hair trunk. And now I am wondering how many of my readers have ever seen or handled such a thing. The fashion of this world passeth away; expansive novelties, French and native, portmanteau and valise, the Gladstone and kit-bag have taken its place; American notions have ousted it from favor, the hand-grip, the steel-bound Saratoga elevator-breaker and what not. Where shall the trustees of the Pitt-Rivers collection put finger upon an example to-day?

Yet I bethink me that in a certain lumber-room that I wot of lies the last of the breed. It is twenty-three inches in length, fifteen in breadth, and eleven in depth, counting in the arch of the lid. Thin, well-seasoned wainscot is the foundation—oak was native and cheap a century since, deal a foreign wood, dutiable and dear, not to be had for years together when Norway was closed to us by war (and what His Majesty's dockyards did for mast-timber in those years Heaven

only knows; took a ship or two from the French, possibly, as wanted). Oak, then, is my trunk's substance, lined with ancient news-sheets still displaying ruddily the Government stamp. Externally it is covered with red calfskin in the hair, glued fast to the wood, and bound thereto with strips of leather, and nailed over all with a multiplicity of those dome-headed brass nails which were taxed so heavily because so much in demand for trunks and coffins, things which each member of the taxpaying class must needs use—this in active middle life, and the other at its end. My trunk is secured by hasp and plate, a wrought-iron chest-handle hangs at either end, and upon the bow of the lid within an escutcheon of nail-heads appear the initials of my grandmother's maiden name in the same medium, for this absurd little box, look you, is the veritable going-away trunk with which she left my great-grandfather's door upon the day she married my grandfather. Impossible? Sober fact, my dear young lady, into these exiguous limits were pressed each and every garment—save those which she carried upon her pretty back—which my charming young ancestress possessed. Yes, a receptacle which no self-respecting scrub-lady of to-day would think half big enough for her frocks, was at that time held sufficient for the entire trousseau of a bride of substantial yeoman stock.

And this trunk upon the attic hearthstone is the very marrow of the one which I have in my eye, save in one respect—a detail this, the initials upon its lid; these, as one can make out in the growing light, are S. A. T., distinct and bright in brass that has yet to be battered with use, for this trunk is new and has made but one journey, to wit, from its maker's workshop to this room.

Meanwhile the light is gaining and

we see more of the dusky little place; the dark oak planking is waxen smooth, and shows its figure where a pencil strikes through a rift in the window-blind. A tripod washhand stand occupies a dim corner, its ware as diminutive as you shall still find in some French auberge where the needs of English travellers are unknown. There is no bath: our ancestors held that a monthly tub-night upon the kitchen bricks was all that nature called for.

The recess between the chimney and the farthest corner of the room is curtained off, implying a bed; a diminutive square of drugget adjacent suggests a prayer-rug; there are garments upon a chair. The room will be occupied. Hark! it is only the cathedral chimes; wafted down the flue they come, the four quarters and seven booming shocks of ponderous bell-metal. Something stirs within the curtained recess, a little hand divides the hangings, a little face dazed with sleep is in the opening, a girl's face, still rosily reminiscent of the pillow, its fine oval framed in a mass of soft brown hair. The forehead is broad and rather low, the brows well marked and arched, the nose small and straight, the little chin cleft like a half-ripe peach that has yet to make acquaintance with the sun; a good chin, an excellent chin, there being both firmness and sweetness indicated, and enough of both, as the red, young mouth would also attest, were it not now half open in the laxity of sleep, showing two rows of most desirable teeth. What, then, is wrong with this little face, for it lacks something of perfection? Merely a birth-mark, a soft gray mole upon the upper lip, round and softly dusky as a mouse's ear—*myosotis*, they say, signifies Forget-me-not to a botanist, and shall to us, a parable, mind you—for this is less a defect than an aid to memory; yes, one would hope to

meet such a girl as this again, and to recognize her by this small, endearing personal trait. Meanwhile the lady is wakening, she rubs her eyes, yawns (oh, excellent white teeth, small and regular), but she is emerging, and we are trespassers, a hundred and thirty years and incorporeality notwithstanding, a maiden's bedroom is sacrosanct. We must begone.

An hour later when the clock is warning for eight and the first promise of the day is overcast, we go exploring up a cobbled street, darkened by the overhang of first floors and the cavernous gloom of their unlit "rows," in search of a hostel yard where stand coach and horses apparelled for a journey. Ahead of us goes a boy with that trunk, a vacant-faced human immaturity, such as God made him, quite unremarkable, a little scrubbed boy, pink-nosed, leathern-aproned: he shall not detain us. He enters the yard, reaches the booking-office, tugs at his forelock, mentions his mistress's name, lets down his burden with a grunt, rubs his shoulder and stands aside to watch the starting.

A lady approaches, tripping diffidently over the stones, attended by an older woman, a servant of some sort by her dress, who, by her dress again, is plainly not to travel. Her mistress is well-cloaked in duffel gray against the chill of the morning, veiled too, and wearing a little black poke bonnet, neat and serviceable, but heavy and warranted to give its wearer a headache before night.

The lady's seat had been booked these nine days; she is expected. "Miss Travis, ma'am?" inquires the guard, touching his hat-brim with an ingratiating grin. The lady bows silently; tears are trickling within that veil, she does not trust her voice. The man opens the coach-door and lets down the step, elbowing aside a stable hand who is greasing the under-car-

riage after tapping home the linchpins.

"Ye'll be pleased to face the horses, ma'am? The ladies mainly does. And this'll be your trunk? I'll put it in the boot with my own hands, ma'am; ye need never give it another thought until we set ye down at Blossom's. Yer travelling reticule"—he took it from the maid—"I'll keep under my own eye ontill ye want it this night."

The lady bowed again and lifted her skirt to mount the step; the woman behind her sniffed; at the sound the mistress turned and, lifting her veil, bestowed a warm kiss upon the rough, red cheek which puckers with a sudden spasm.

"G-God-b-bless ye, ma pretty! ub-ub! And to lose ye just as ye're perfect in your stitchery! Heaven knows ye were always a wonder at yer sampler! ub-ub! And don't ye go for to forget the simples I've taught ye—fried mice for the whooping-cough, ivy leaves laid to the wound for a bad leg in the elderly, and above all, in low spots where there might be a touch of the ague, a live spider taken in gin, ub-ub!"

The lady turned again and, taking the woman in her arms, kissed her frankly and hard upon both cheeks, now wet with running tears, to which her own were added, and, dropping her veil, sprang into the coach amid the sympathetic murmurs of guard and coachman.

The scene had been watched from the window of the coffee-room, where another traveller was getting into his coat. The man was very tall, and not only tall but massive and well-set-up—as fine a piece of humanity as you could wish to see; and though in civil dress, a soldier from his arched instep to the crown of his bold, well-poised head. Nor was the face at first sight otherwise than prepossessing: the nose, held at this moment

rather close to the diamond pane, had just a hint at the forbidden upward curve, but seemed to claim it as its right, for was it not an Irish nose? The brows were thick and ruddy, the eyes beneath were a pair of dancing, hazel, Donegal eyes, alive with courage, high spirits, resolution, and sheer devilry. But the impression produced by the brilliant upper half of the countenance was marred by high cheek-bones and a heavy and over-prominent jaw which threw the mouth out of shape, giving to it the habitual, saucy, menacing smile of the prize-fighter. Such a mouth, with its challenge to man and woman, has ancestry behind it and a history before it. There have been men of old with just such chins and mouths, great men, warriors and preachers, each good of his sort; yet does such a mouth need the very grace of God to keep it in order.

It would seem that the man with his nose to the pane had seen enough, for he straightened his back with a low laugh, clapping a black tricorne over a crop of dark chestnut hair that curled strongly at the temples and was elsewhere drawn back to form the queue.

"Faith, and I'm in luck's way again!" He struck his gloved hands together lightly. "The leedy is a gyurrl, and a young gyurrl at that, and has a heart, too, as I'm a gentleman. How will I be taking her?" (In a minute—"Get out wid ye, and close that door behind ye!") This to a waiter hovering, expectant of a call which he was destined not to touch. He had proffered his help to the gentleman with his coat, but the gentleman would none of his assistance; as a last resource he apprised him that the coach was waiting. How the hint was received we have seen. Major Cornelius Boyle, late of the 41st, but at present unattached, and travelling under the

name of Tighe, was not the man to accept a hint or to hurry himself for the convenience of others. The coach was waiting? Let it wait.

"'Tis the woundud hayro that'll be quickust to flutter the young female heart; and here he stands," said he; and whilst speaking unwound a black silk wrapper from his neck and improvised a sling for his right arm, winding hand and wrist in a colored bandanna for picturesqueness—the man loved a touch of color—and thus adorned presented himself at the door of the waiting coach hat in hand.

"Me mails are in the boot, gyard? I thank ye. Ah, and what do I see? Madam, I hope I do not intrude. Have I your permission to share the inside? Tighe, is my name, Major Tighe, madam, at your servus. I thank ye a thousand times; 'tis a liberty I am taking, of which I am sinsible. Had I but known in time I swear I'd not have encroached upon your privacy. I would sooner have postud, and would now, had not your greeclous inclination made it evidunt that the prisince of a simple soldier would not be offensusv to ye."

Whilst apologizing he was getting in, and was now disburdening himself of his lighter belongings assisted by the lady, in pity for his supposed disablement. He had seated himself beside her in the unavoidable proximity entailed by the straitness of the vehicle and the exigencies of his immense person.

Coachman and guard had watched the escalade with knowing winks; both knew something of the man, and were aware that he had bespoken the back seat which he was now occupying a week since, and after inquiries as to the status of his lady fellow-traveller.

Before the coach had cleared the arched entry 'twas noticed that the cavalier was attempting to engage the

lady in conversation. Her veil was down.

The woman-servant watched the stage lurch out into the street, jolt over the ill-set cobbles, shave the bourne-stone at the corner, and pass out of sight. "Ma precious," she murmured, "Ma poor precious!" and wept afresh; then, finding the boy at her elbow, regarding her with one of boyhood's many exasperating forms of countenance, she took the urchin a small cuff o' the lug, bade him home to his knife-board, and followed his lingering footsteps.

The coach and its burden were gone, with crack of whip and blast of horn, as befitted King George's mails, but with poor results in the matter of progress. The roads of the eighteenth century were inconceivably ill-planned, ill-made, and neglected; travelling was tedious, comfortless, and dangerous. Overturns were of frequent occurrence, breakdowns still common. The Chester-to-London mail will have its minor adventure of the sort, and not a dozen hours after starting.

CHAPTER II.

THE GRIFFIN AT MALBY CROSS.

The axle was sprung, a matter beyond the skill of the village wheelwright; a man should be fetched from Holtwich. The passengers must put up with the delay; a common accident of the road; it meant a night's lodging.

Their case might easily have been worse, the Griffin at Malby Cross was no mere change-house, but an inn of decayed respectability, a hostel that had come down in the world; like Mrs. Quickly, it had had its losses, but retained its self-respect.

Its landlady arose to the occasion; the resources available for unexpected guests were not too abundant, for the hamlet was small, and had it been thrice as large would have had no

shop at that day. Flesh meat at such an hour was out of the question; the men were but just back from the field. Only in scriptural lands does one kill at a moment's notice; but poultry and eggs were to be had, and flitches hung plainly in view.

The young lady was making a poor supper; unused to travelling, the rough roads and the rolling of the stage had come near to turning her stomach; her color had suffered; she drooped wearily, a pathetic little figure that appealed to all that was motherly in her hostess, a woman of forty-five, in widow's cap and rusty weeds, apple-cheeked, executive, who knew her world, ready with tongue and hand, strong as a man, a corpulent body upon active legs.

"Pick a little more, my pretty; ah, that's right, we're the better for't already. Now, sit ye back and rest yerself; 'tis too soon for bed, or I'd hap ye up with my own hands, I would. The road takes it sorely out o' them as is fresh to't. Bed? Yes, ye shall share mine, my dear," with a defiant smile over the heads of the men. "I've warrant we'll have a good night on't. I'd bid ye into my private parlor this minute, but I've quality there as is no credit to itself or the Griffin, but such as a lone woman in the victualling must stomach at times." She tossed back her cap-strings with an air of disdain. "The young squire, well into his second bottle; he wth his head not half made."

Major Tighe had eaten heartily and desired a pipe, which was impossible in the presence of the lady, yet he could hardly find it in him to leave her to the society of the Third Passenger, a younger man than himself, small and awkward, for whom, despite the fellow's persevering silence, he had conceived an active dislike. The dashing Irishman had proposed to himself some diversion upon his journey; four

or five days of enforced companionship with a girl, young, pretty, and unchaperoned, suggested opportunities. The scheme had miscarried almost at the outset. At the second change-house south a third passenger had been awaiting the mail, or rather had run up and taken a seat at the instant of starting. Never was man less welcome; the newcomer's taciturn presence had contributed nothing to the life of the day, but had chilled the gallantries which the Irishman had relied upon to while away the tedium of the journey; for the Major was the man to improve his opportunities with the sex with encouragement or with none, and could hardly be thrown into the company of a woman of any age for ten minutes without initiating some amorous advance.

He held this intruder responsible for spoiling his day. Dislike sharpens suspicion. Since the Major's tongue had been bound over to good behavior his eyes had gone a-roving, and had brought him news that the Third Passenger's clothes had been built for a bigger man: the collar of the riding-coat bulged at the nape, its shoulders were over-square, its girth redundant. Even the montier-cap was too roomy for the head it covered; boots, breeches, and all, shared this fault of over-amplitude. "Have ye risen in the dark, sirrah, and exchanged clothes with yer elder brother?" had trembled upon the tip of a tongue unused to sparing the feelings of men; but the presence of the lady had restrained the jeer.

"Ecod! 'tis a poor creature, and cannot meet a man's eye at all; and fwhat, in the devil's name, is this figger-o'-spache for a man (wan that cannot for the life of him raise a decent shute of duds) doing in the inside of a stage? Him that should be upon the tailboard of a wagon, if indade he was not stipping it on his fit?" Thus he ru-

minated. "Come, sir," he said aloud, arising with exuberant courtesy when the hostess paused with her eye upon him (black it was, and as bold as his own), "'tis plain the leedy would prefer a little privacy; you and myself will be taking our tobacco felsewhere."

"Indeed, yes; and I am obliged to you, sir, for the suggestion," assented the anxious-faced passenger, with readier speech than he had used all day. The door closed behind him. The Irishman, turning to follow, saw through the leaded panes a horseman dismounting in the inn-yard, and noted carelessly, and almost unconsciously, with that wary, soldierly eye of his, with what alacrity the ostler held his stirrup, and some touch of breeding in the carriage of the stranger; the next moment he had dismissed the incident from his mind and was in the bar parlor, his hostess bobbing before him with choice of long-stemmed clays whilst he plied her with conventional freedoms, jocosely parrying the maudlin rebukes of the young squibreen. 'Twas no place for tobacco, nor was the bar, where three yokels discussed the points of a horse over their beer. He essayed the garden.

This was the inn's best point. The house, once of manorial rank, and still showing something of carven barge-boards to the village street, kept the best of its mullioned windows and paraging for its garden-front. Here a flagged walk between borders of box led up to a bowling-green of the best, counter-sunk to restrain overcasts, its encircling ramp crested by such a yew hedge as only a hundred years of tendence will give; four flat green walls, their level summits crenellated at intervals by elephants, peacocks, mounted knights, and foresters with stiffly uplifted clubs.

"Some of Dutch William's work—the curse o' Limerick upon him!" muttered the explorer with questing eye

on the lookout for shelter, for an occasional drop was falling. "Sure, there'll be a summer-house handy. Where ilse'll they keep their liquor cool?" He was thinking of the players who used the green on summer evenings, and paced the length of the alley to make good his prognosis. But shelter was none. He had reached the end, where two of the retaining walls of yew abutted upon an angle-bastion of the same, a huge bee-hive of a bush, surmounted by a lion, and was about to retrace his steps when his eye caught a narrow, diagonal exit, a sallyport piercing the enclosing hedge. He peeped; the beehive bastion was hollow; entrance was gained from behind, by a squint, as the church-builders of the past would have called it. 'Twas a topiarist's masterpiece, a triumph of dexterous cutting. Within this dim, green cell was a stone table, an oaken bench curved around it horseshoe-wise, lit by a couple of arrow-loops, as we name them when wrought in the stone curtain of some fortress of the middle age; scarcely visible slits upon the smooth outer face, but splayed within, and commanding this the bowling-green, that the outer side of its boundary hedge, a private garden given over to kitchen stuff, where the cabbage grew strong beneath aged pear-trees.

The explorer took his bearings, dusting the seat with a handkerchief which he unwound from his wrist; it had served its purpose, he would relax it in private. "A quare, ould place and handy for hide-and-seek and sportings wid Amaryllus in the shade. 'Twill stand a spot of rain, too." The pipe drew, its lacquered mouth-piece went kindly with his tongue, the tobacco, being his own, was to his mind. The Major settled himself in his seat and fell a-thinking.

"A foine young gyurrl, and 'tis my own luck again and a thousand pities

that she is as poor as mesilf, and no use to me at all. 'Strewth, I could have done with the creature oulder and uglier if she were heavy in the stocking. Ah me, a light fut is for a subaltern, but the heavy garter is the magnet for a man of forty. And me as near broke as iver I knew mesilf! Con Boyle, ye omadaun, yer hot blood'll be the spoillin' of ye yit! But that's moralizin', which same I've sworn off!

"To this gyurrl again—the creature as she stands; now, at her worst, isn't she just a woman? No more, maybe; but, faith, no less. And a woman and a fight are always worth the winning.

"'Pon me heart and loife, I believe I'm in for ut. She has looked at me—once. Not a challenge in form, but 'twill pass. There was fear and confusion in the eye of her; she gives me the merely civil yes and no; she declines to converse. What will I make of that now? Begad! 'tis a challenge! I pick up yer little glove, me leedy; ye shall look me full in the face wid admiration before we part; if indeed, we do part! Ah, me heart, sorra an 'if' there is in ut, for short of three hond'rd a year (of which there's no sign), fwhat would Cornelius Boyle be doin' for long wid a slip of a colleen? Aye, though she were as sweet as sin itself? So, 'tis fixed, I open me tranches; but before I unmask me batteries there's this pestilent Third Inside to see the back of. How will I manage ut? 'Sir, two is company,' I'll be sayin'; 'maybe ye know the rest of the adage,' and from that to pulling the baste's nose and offerin' me cyard is but a stip. So that's settled, praise the saints!"

The man's resolve was taken; he was done with thinking, an exercise to which he was but little given. Truth to tell, Major Cornelius Boyle was not one whose memory hummed to him sweet and gentle airs. Love move-

ments were there, but the man's amorous passages had hitherto ended unhappily; scene after scene of his life's comedy had failed in holding the house; again and yet again the curtain had been rung down amid hissing. Hence, this fellow, who feared little else, shunned his own company and never looked behind. Such livers in the present live briefly and hard, storming across their stage, filling it with the sounds of stolen kisses, stamping, and the rattle of blows. Walk wide of such all ye who would love wisely and live long.

The Major had come to the end of his reflections and cast about for his next sensation. He had finished his pipe and turned the bowl under to knock out the dottle against the oaken seat, when a short, low sound in his neighborhood arrested his hand. It was one of those small human noises which proceed from the region at the back of the face, and may mean much or little. In the present case the sound implied low spirits, or respite from recent anxiety, the listener knew not which; but he did know that the grunt was nature's effort to lift a load off a burdened heart. Boyle was unhampered by scruples: here was pastime ready to his hand. Quick as a birds'-nesting schoolboy who hears a thrush go off, he silently turned upon his bench and set eye to the nearest embrasure. Advancing over the sodden turf, smoking as he walked, came the Third Inside, his head bent in thought. He paced slowly, nodding in time to his steps as does a pigeon, and pigeon-like, turning in his toes and cooling dolefully between his whiffs. The man's clean-shaven mouth drooped at the corners, giving an elderly cast to a long-nosed face that had been but four-and-twenty years in the making.

The eavesdropper took his breath softly, watching the other with impa-

tient contempt. "A mighty poor actor bedad! that cannot even soliloquize. I'll be booing him off the boards in a minute unless he can disburden his sowl better than this. F'what ails the cripple that he must come harassing the heart of a gentleman over his pipe and make no handsomer fist of his complaint than. . . . 'Pon me salvation, I'm inclined to the belief that he's wanted by some one."

To relieve the tension of his posture, Boyle straightened his back, and, as he did so, saw for a moment through the other slit the perspective of the rear of the hedge. More sport! There, within less than three yards of the Third Inside was a man dogging his steps, parting with wary fingers the dense foliage between them, peeping and listening. This furtive watcher was dressed for riding, he wore a long drab coat of light cloth, with shoulder-cape of the same; his hat was a little tricorné with narrow brim, a size or so too big for his head, one that could be pulled down over the eyes at need, in the stress of a hard gallop: it looked like a hunting-hat and one that had seen some wear. The face beneath it was ruddy with sun and wind, an alert, vivacious face, delicately featured, alive with pleasurable animation; the eyes and the forehead were good; the straight, thin-nostrilled nose was good; the whole set and make of the countenance spoke of descent, breeding, and character. Such a fellow might play the fool, aye, or the knave if overdriven by fate, but could not, for the life of him, be a dolt or a nincompoop. A scholar he might be, or a soldier, or both; but whether with quill or steel, he would make his mark. Upon the whole, you would have preferred to have sided with rather than opposed him, for this youngster had the air of one who would stick to his friend and stand up to his enemy.

Boyle from his coign of vantage grasped the situation upon the instant. "‘Wantud,’ did I say? And this, sure, will be the wan that wants him. Not but what this peeping and spying is monstrous ungenteel, not the thing to be after at all, at all. I must be seeing more of ut. And, who now——? Why, ’tis the man that was dismounting in the inn-yard when I was in the bar. And what has he to say to my man, and what will be the meaning of *that*?" for the eavesdropper had halted among the cabbages, and, standing stork-like upon each foot in turn, had drawn off his jack-boots, and tucking one under either arm, was tripping upon his stocking feet lightly as a cat in the direction of the arbor. Next instant Boyle had lost him, then his passing figure darkened the entrance, the boots fell clattering; with a shout of laughter he had leapt through the squint in the hedge and had the amazed Third Inside in his embrace, whose grunt, half-uttered, changed in the utterance to the shrill squeal of a rabbit when the mouse-hunt has him below the ear.

"A poltroon after all, and wid a bad conscience," muttered the watcher, and strained eye and ear for the sequel.

"Tavy, by all that’s holy! Tavy Baskett—Octavius Baskett, Bachelor of Arts of the University of Oxford, deacon in holy orders (or has it run to a priest’s since last we met?). Another, yes, and yet another!"

The Third Inside, caught thus at a disadvantage and clipt in the closest of embraces, gasped, lost his pipe, lost montier-cap and wig (not even his hair was his own), and struggled bleating in the arms of his captor.

"Yah, yah, release me, sir! What does this mean? No liberties now. Don’t know ye, I say, don’t know ye! ’Nough and too much of this foolery!"

But the taller and lither man had not done with him.

"Not know your old friend, Tavy? For shame, man! Think again. Think of Shrewsbury School; think of the House; think of the servitors’ table in Hall. Would it deny itself to its boyhood’s crony? For shame, Tavy. I swear ye have gone near to break my heart."

He flung his man from him and stood back, having got the information he wanted; whilst straining his old comrade to his bosom with his right hand he had felt him from shoulder to waist with light, rapid touches of his left, as Boyle did not fail to observe.

But the Reverend Octavius Baskett was unaware of this, and of much else which it behoved him to know. He reddened and stuttered with anger; his alarm, by virtue of the law governing the transformation of energy, had been transmuted to temper. "S-sir!—Gobblenessmysoul!—*ich-hat d’ye mean?*—are ye in liquor? Admit as much and I may pardon ye. Monstrous! to be accosted, embraced in this vulgar, offensive manner, and by a person whom I have not the slightest recollection of. O Lord! Dray, *don’t*—put it up, I say, it might go off!" He dropped upon his knees covered by a pistol.

"‘*Dray*,’ did ye say, Tavy?" replied the other softly; "’tis your first true word, but if repeated will be apt to be your last. I would have ye forget my christened name and any other that that treacherous memory of yours may attach to me. What do I want with ye? Wait a bit; ye shall learn soon enough, but meanwhile, keep just so. Pontius Pilate! what a coward it is, and ever was! How oft have I, as a lower boy, seen ye kneel so, all along, yes, *te ululante virgato*, yelping until the roof of the big school-room rang whilst old Atcherley laid on. ’Twas a gracious spectacle for us fags, Tavy, to whom ye were a terror; spiteful to the weak, a craven to fellows of your size; as ye are still, I perceive. Don’t

wriggle so; there's no old Atcherley behind ye, and I have a difficulty in keeping ye covered (he was less thoughtful, as I seem to remember; *Jacobus plagosus!* How we loved him!")

"W-what d'ye want?" whined the other; but his master was not to be hurried.

"This sin of ingratitude grows upon ye, Tavy; 'tis one which the ancient Persians punished with impalement: which reminds me that ye have been playing for a stake, and a big one, though not the sort that Xenophon treats of. I wrote your verses and ye paid me with kicks."

"Not at Christ Church; we were the best of friends up at Oxford," pleaded the cleric.

"Acquaintance merely, Tavy, for ye were a third year's man when I came up, and were too deep in your divinity for me. But, if what I hear of ye is true, there has been some spiritual declension since ye assumed your holy office; eh Tavy? Yet your lines have fallen in pleasant places: domestic chaplain to a viscount, preferment in view, a place of a thousand, merely a question of toadying and patience; and ye were great at both. But what do we find, my Tavy? Debts, borrowings from the butler, yes, and from the housekeeper and maids."

"Never! I swear 'tis false as perdition!"

"Swear not at all, Tavy, or at least save your oath until one perjury will cover the lot, for I've more in hand. What of those gems?"

"Gems?" echoed the kneeling man in a quavering voice.

"Yes, the gems, Oh, mine ancient comrade, the camel, the antiques, *commensale meo atque sodale!*"

"I—I know nothing about the things. It must have been somebody else. Why ask me? What is it to you? We were all searched, every one of us,

even I myself, an indignity they should have spared my cloth, but I thought it right to offer to be subjected to it as an example to the men and maids, you know. O, do put that thing away!"

"All in good time, Tavy; but first tell me how comes it that you, who were so forward, as you tell me, in offering your person and trunk to the constables, failed to regain the confidence of his lordship, and have had to leave Duddingstone?"

"I went from choice, I tell ye. Can't ye understand there might be unpleasantness with the household after such a mysterious affair?"

"Certainly; but as I hear, 'twas not the servants' hall alone that ye failed to convince. Why are ye not at Durham?"

"Dur-ham?" faltered the kneeling man, blinking painfully into that black barrel.

"Don't echo, Tavy, 'tis not done in polite society: I said Durham. When ye took your leave of his lordship ye gave him to understand that ye had accepted a post in the cathedral school. His lordship is not exactly a fool, and procured a warrant for your arrest and search as ye passed through York."

"Wh-a-at? Oh——!"

"Luckily for yourself, ye changed your route. Ye went neither to York nor Durham, but doubled south under a new name, and in layman's togs; as I expected ye would, Tavy. London, as I take it, seemed a surer market for your swag. Don't begin protesting: I have news for ye. His lordship's agent has tracked ye to Chester: he has men on this road. There is a Staffordshire warrant out for ye, which will be executed to-morrow as soon as ye pass the county stone. But cheer up, I'm your friend. Knowing all this, I say, I've rid north to head ye off (but for that sprung axle I doubt I should have been too late). Provi-

dence has work in store for ye yet, 'Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!' The Viscount wants his *intagli*, not your neck in a noose; they will search ye, and if the things are found upon ye, ye will hang; if they are not, the men have orders to turn ye loose again."

"Is—that so?" burst from the lips of the wretch with a groan.

"Did ye ever know me tell a lie, Tavy? No, nor has any other man. Hence I am well served. Come and go as I will, not a wench nor ostler blabs. Why? I pay promptly and pay well; the King, God bless him!—slowly or not at all. And now hand over that belt—that belt, I say—the thing with the stones in it. What else? Quick with those vest-buttons, man; don't fumble so. This pistol of mine is a hair trigger and grows vastly heavy upon my finger with waiting. . . . Ah, that is better. Ye may rise."

Boyle saw a wash-leather belt change hands, and the pistol lowered, the master-thief pouching the booty with the nonchalant ease of a man used to the handling of valuables. The watcher moistened a dry lip. He was in fortune's lap at last: this must be the veritable Ned Repton, otherwise "The Scholar," a meteoric villain, the newest and most dreaded of the gentlemen of the road, and the only one of them who deserved the name; a felon, but a man of parts, whose superior education gave him an advantage over the plebians of his profession, and whose command of information, no less than his astonishing fertility in disguise, had for months kept him out of the hangman's hands whilst placing in his own some of the best-filled purses of the travelling public along the Great North road.

Boyle's lips were moving noiselessly in self-communion.

"'Tis no mere pockut off the red, this, but a break. Will I be shooting

now, or will I hold me fire and hear more? Holy Biddy, but 'tis a strong hand I'm dealt. There's lashins of money in ut and cannons all round the table. There's blood-money—when I can touch ut, for the rogue spakes truth, the King is dilatory in these little matters. But apart from the dirty guineas, there's the jools. I will be handing thim back to me Lord Duddingstone (whoever he may be, for I niver heard of him before this day). Put him at the worst: say the man is a pock-pudding Protestant Saxon, he can do no less than make me a handsome prisint and place his int'rurst at me disposal. But there again, what are his politics? A King's Friend would be the making of me, but the recommendation of a peer that had votud cross would do me no good at the Horse Gyards at all, at all. . . . What will I do? 'To shoot or not to shoot, that is the question,' as Othello says in the play; 'tis a poor light and a risk, for a ball is alsily deflected by any one of these twigs. Tear-an-ouns, I'm for thrying ut! *Per-dition!*"

The man travelled armed, as did most at that time; his hand went to his pocket, paused and explored. His face fell in the darkness, for the pocket was empty, nor did a deep, slow curse ease his heart, for the fault was his own. The arms which he had been carrying all day were now, at moment of need, in the greatcoat lying across the bed in his chamber.

Next moment he was smiling again the self-confident smile of a bold, strong man. "'Tis a waker hand than I had thought; but stap me vitals if I don't play out the deal."

He resettled himself to listen. There might be information worth the gaining; the men were talking again; the ex-chaplain had risen to his feet, sniffing and grumbling his way back to composure, his former victim, now his master, having gained his

point and established his position, was for smoothing the ruffled feathers of a subordinate whom he intended to employ.

"Where did I learn of your—what shall we say?—exploit?—or fall from grace? From the bills, Tavy. I have one about me; see. Never tell me this is news to ye! Here ye are: '*Stolen. The contents of a cabinet: sixty-one antique gems,*' follows the descriptions, well and minutely drawn up, by his lordship's own hand, as I guess. And, pray, my sapient friend, who is going to take these off your hands in the face of this?"

"As precious stones, I conceive——"

"As precious stones they are scarcely worth carriage to London. Carnellian, agate, jasper, peridots, and Rhinestones, all rubbish considered as material. Man, what wast learning up at Oxford? 'Tis the workmanship——"

"Oh, don't tell me! Of course I know all that. Wasn't I curator of the beastly things for two years? But I tell ye they have a value, and a very great value too; and to be robbed of them like this, and by an old friend"—he reddened and choked.

"Softly, Tavy! We were never friends until now. I always swore I'd be even with ye for yur barbarities to me; and now, as I live, I'm returning ye good for evil. But for me ye would have walked blindfold into the hangman's hands to-morrow, or say, by God's grace, ye had slipped past the traps and reached London (London was your mark—he thought to pass the swag in London, the ninny!)—Why, man alive, the first antiquary to whom ye showed the things would have holloaed for a constable and lodged ye in the lock-up. I swear I have saved your life and shall keep the stuff as my honorarium."

"You thief!" snarled the cleric venomously.

"Get it out and ha' done with it,

Tavy," replied the other with careless tolerance. "If I do well with the things (and I think to do well with them) I'll spare ye something, though I owe ye not a stiver—the boot is on t'other leg. I am puzzling my head where to place them. The market is most peculiar and limited. Jewels can be reset, recut; they are money all the world over, but these! Why, there may be twenty men in England, all told, who collect, and as many more who understand them, and abroad there is a Grand Duke or two, a dozen of cardinals and—the Jews, who would cozen ye out of the lot for a couple of guineas or decline to touch 'em, and would do wisely, for these can never come into the market as they stand; they must home to mother earth again, Tavy, for their character's sake, and trickle back from the Campagna and Sicily, one at a time, years hence, when the cry has died down and old Duddingstone is quiet in his coffin.

"No; there is only one buyer at the moment, and that is old Duddingstone himself. And I need hardly say that ye can't approach him personally. I can; and, as I have a bone to pick with him and his, I shall take over the business with the more zest. . . . But all that may take months, and one must live in the meantime." The voice dropped; the listener strained eye and ear in vain.

Meanwhile the darkening, overcast sky, from which drops had been falling furtive and single as spies, kindled to a smoky wrath of sunset. The rough underside of the dun roof of cloud caught fire from a blazing west; each red tile and chimney-stack glowed its minute, then dulled and darkened, and the show was over. Wasted upon the three, mere men, untouched by the mute message from the heaven above them that found no answer within. The rain began again in earnest.

"I am getting wet," complained the ex-chaplain, an indoors man, with a peevish shrug.

"'Tis nothing; and I've a thing or two to settle with ye that I had rather not broach within four walls. . . . Hup!" the man was getting into his boots again. "Well, if ye must be sitting, there's a covered seat within arm's-length of us."

Boyle was a man of action. To be caught in the act of espial by a ready rogue such as this, and shot like a polecat in a blind culvert, was not in his scheme of things. With surprising agility for such a bulky person, he silently whipped through the narrow opening and around the bush and into the outer angle formed by its junction with the hedge. Farther he durst not go in the failing light, lest the clatter of wet cabbage leaves or the snapping of some low-hung pear-tree bough should give notice of his passage. Thus far his movements had been screened from the confederates by the sounds of their own footsteps, and the patter of rain upon the garden leaves, but by now they had seated themselves within the shelter which he had left, and he dared not stir hand nor foot. Would the reek of the pipe which he held in his hand betray him? He lowered it to the wet earth and extinguished it with extreme precaution. The Major had seen some pretty work with the outposts in wooded country overseas before getting into the trouble which had compelled him to exchange and come home: he was versed in night adventure and enjoyed taking his chances.

"Come, this is more to your mind, Tavy; ye would never have found such a hidey-hole by the light of nature. Trust me, I know the winding walks and secret arbors of this and some other inn gardens. Now we can talk. Who was your party to-day? A man and a young miss, my stableman said.

Ye may pass the girl, we—I never meddle with a woman. What like was the other?"

But the cleric had turned sulky. "Ye have used me ill, roughly, brutally; I simply don't know ye. Ye were the meekest little squit at Shrewsbury, and up at Oxford never opened your mouth."

"And was kicked accordingly," interposed the other with an accent sharpened by bitter recollections. "But it didn't pay, Tavy; there was one kick too many, and—but I need not trouble ye with my story. There came a day when I turned upon 'em, as even a worm will, they say, but took nothing by my motion."

"They discommoned you? the brutes!"

"They sent me down, man. Aye, in my last year, too, just before I was to have taken my degree. That opened my eyes; I saw that the House was no place for a poor man with scruples. I would sink one defect whilst rectifying the other. There is money in this life, and some fun in it. I had a dozen of old scores to clear, and am working through 'em. You were on my list. These Duddingstones come next; if they fare no worse than yourself, Tavy, they'll have little to make mouths over. Hurt your feelings, have I? Think no more on't: 'twas necessary. If two are to ride one horse one must needs sit in front: I take the saddle, you the crupper, and as that is agreed we can come to business."

"Ye frightened me abominably. I thought I must have died!"

"Ye may yet, Tavy, unless ye attend to me. We cannot be seen in company, but must meet in London. Ye know London?"

The weaker man was already half subdued to the will of his masterful ally. His own plan had made shipwreck; he was only too pleased to be invited to join in another which kept

him in some degree in touch with plunder by which he still hoped to benefit. Yet he gave his address grudgingly.

"'Tis a house of call I used when a youngster. A widow, Vince by name, a most respectable person, in Camomile Street, who lets lodgings; ye can find me there or leave a letter."

"I have that in mind," said Repton, after the pause for mental registry of a man accustomed to use his memory rather than tablets. "And now, back to this fellow-traveller of yours."

"A hulking Irishman, as big as the pair of us; a pestilent person, who is by way of paying his addresses to the lady."

"An Irishman? Vastly tall and personable? Not red-haired by any chance, and with a snub-nose?"

"You have him, and with his arm in a sling—his right."

"That last fixes him. 'Tis Boyle, late major of the 41st, who was cashiered last week for killing his man in a duel at Chester. Don't say ye have not heard of it. You have been keeping out of the way of late though, which is a mistake. Ye should make it your business to know what goes on, as I do. This affair made more noise than common. There were no seconds, ye see, so the survivor stood his trial, but the jury disagreed. 'Twas a stroke of luck for him, but he has had to send in his papers. I take it he is for London to get himself reinstated. He may succeed if he has influence. The man is a brute by all accounts; but such are wanted just now in the colonies."

"He told the lady that he was but just home from the colonies, and had taken his wound there."

"Flam, Tavy: he took his wound where the other man took his death, on the Roodee, at seven o'clock of a Sunday morning. I doubt the fellow's fob is none too well lined, but little fishes are sweet. I take him on to-morrow."

"Are ye mad? Don't think of it.

He is as fierce as a bull, and as strong!"

"I was not proposing to wrestle with him," replied Repton, and drummed thoughtfully with his knuckles upon the table in the darkness, whilst the eavesdropper's mouth widened with a ferocious grin, and his eyes sparkled and danced in his head. Shoot? Not if he had both pistols about him, or in the last resort only. 'Twas Indian fighting and a delicate business at that, ambushing an ambush. Half a dozen schemes competed for precedence in his brain: the stolen cameos, the King's blood-money (he put that by), the rogue's ransom as proposed by himself, or his help in carrying off this girl with the parson's aid (a parson seemed a godsend at such a juncture). But there was more to hear—hush! the fellow was speaking again.

"I must have you in it, Tavy."

"Me?—N-not me!—I couldn't. Consider my cloth; besides, I have no arms."

"Y'ave a pair, which is all I need, and your rôle shall be to play the shrinking, whimpering, clinging poltroon: it fits ye like your skin! Listen I say. Three miles to the south of this is Sandylane Hill, where the driver and guard will get down to walk, and will bid you men to do the same for the sake of the beasts. Now, ye must contrive that the Irishman shall fall behind a little, and when that happens be you at his left elbow——"

"I daren't! I can't! I won't!"

"Ye can, and ye will. *Listen, I say!*" with sudden intensity. "At the turn of the road, half way to the top, stands a great holly-bush; so soon as the stage is well forward and you are near, I step out from behind that. The instant ye see me, clutch the man's left arm with both your hands and fall upon your knees, anchoring him, as one may say. O, squeak, if ye think proper, but under your breath, for I must be speaking. I shall empty

your pockets for form's sake; later we meet as agreed."

"I tell ye 'tis not in my line. Don't ask it," pleaded the weakling.

"Lord, what a pitiful nincompoop it is! but there must be a use for such creatures in the scheme of nature. Hark ye, my man, once more, and for the last time, ye are in for this and shall go through with it or hang."

The listener felt the darkness tremble with the deep shuddering gasp which followed these words.

"Fail me in any one single particular, Tavy, and ye are a lost soul. The guard of this coach, a friend of mine in a quiet way, a simple, obliging fellow, will have the office, and will stick to ye, and will make ye over to the Staffordshire constables at the county stone."

"O, what a man!" wailed the miserable cleric. "Ye are playing fast and loose with me. 'Tis but a minute since ye said the men would *not* molest me unless they found——"

"But, they *shall* find enough to convict ye unless ye do as I bid ye. Hold your noise and listen"—he was shaking the man by the shoulder. "I will arrange that the searchers shall have something incriminating to find upon ye. One of those catchpoles is my most particular friend. How else, think you, did I learn about the warrant and where they will execute it? In the news-sheet? As you may see, I am venturing something myself; I act ugly-man to your Irishman; but I must have a forestall, and ye are the only shy covey available. (We must use our tongues to the ritual of this new profession of ours, Tavy.) Come, think of Lancaster Castle! Hearten yourself up with thoughts of a gibbet on Duddingstone Moor, with a cart and a rope and a brother of your cloth to see ye through with it!"

"For pity's sake, don't!"

"I found but little pity at your hands

in the old days, Tavy. But to our several plans, yours and mine. If there be no comfort in yours (and I don't see much for myself), try mine, for 'tis the only alternative. The boldest course is ever the safest; trust to my generalship, and we shall pull the thing off with credit."

"But why, with my—our cameos upon ye, venture such a risk?"

"The things are not blunt, my boy. I have run foolishly short of spending money. A gentleman in my profession needs retainers, who expect to be paid punctually. I must turn an honest penny at once, for I need a few guineas to reach Oxford, where I have still a score or two to settle.

"And now good-night to ye. Sleep well. Keep time and place in your mind, and play the man for once!"

A bench creaked, the master-thief was arising to go; would he take the plain greensward or the more private side of the hedge? In which case would he not run into the spy in the darkness? Boyle had saved himself once by a well-timed move, now he showed his mettle by remaining perfectly still, preferring the risk of discovery to the certainty of crossing the plot by premature movements among unseen obstacles. His judgment was justified: the men took the green.

He gave them five minutes' law before following. "This is as intricate a piece of country as ever I rode," mused he, groping for the extinguished pipe; "I'll be laying no trace of me prisnce beyint me." He rearranged sling and bandage before approaching the house. A white object wavered and floated along the hedgeside before him, and a muffled rattling squeal shook the night.

"A howlet, begad! Now there's some would take that for a token of ill-luck, but I don't hould wid signs. So this is Ned Repton; the youngster seems little better than a school-boy; but, my word on't, he is game. Some-

thing will have put an edge to him, mebbe."

By a light in the yard and the sounds of a mallet, he divined that the coach-wrights had arrived and would work all night. An early start was to be expected, but the man sate late, amusing himself with his landlady and his nightcap of rum and milk. Later still, in the privacy of his room, the plans floating loosely in his head were brought to a knot. He might have been seen stuffing the right sleeve of his overcoat with underclothing from his bag, dressing himself this way and that, posturing at times before a small cracked looking-glass, whistling softly as he worked; for the man was in better spirits that he had known for weeks. Things had gone awry with him of late, and from bad to worse. His courage had never failed him, indeed, but his belief in his luck had needed just such a fillip as this twilight escapade supplied. Now the stream of his self-confidence ran strongly again as it had not done since he had seen through the smoke of his pistol the knees of his latest victim crumple and give way beneath the weight of his falling body, and had realized, a little late, that whatever

might pass in America or in Ireland, in England, at least, one gentleman might not shoot another save in the presence of reputable witnesses.

"'Twas a bit of a shave, begad, that thryal. I confiss I'd not reckoned upon ut. Me affairs elsewhere have run to a court-martial, or a court of honor; but these Saxon pock-puddings are mighty punctillous, and me nixt must be conductud a little less *hors de règle*. We'll have seconds and surgeon and all, according to Cocker, and see if that'll satusfy thim. And, meanwhile, just to fill in time, I'll be putting meself right in the eye of authority by a small curtain-raiser of me own invitation; just Act one, Scene one, enter a disthressed damsel, two thieves and a hayro. 'Tis a histrionic jaynious ye are intoirely, Con Boyle, and a tired man. Oh, but she's the gyurrl for me, this one!"

For some minutes he sate musing with empty hands. The child was passing sweet, simple, and gently bred. "Heighah!" With an immense yawn he threw himself, dressed as he was, upon his bed, and slept the unembarrassed sleep of a weary schoolboy.

Ashton Hilliers.

(To be continued.)

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE TOMB OF OMAR KHAYYAM.

BY MAJOR P. M. SYKES, C.M.G.

The fame of Nishapur, with its historical past, its dire calamities and, above all, its great men, had long fired my imagination. I had, however, been at Meshed, the Sacred City of Persia, for more than three years before the longed-for opportunity occurred of making a pilgrimage to the tomb of its most illustrious citizen. Even a short journey in Persia involves the engaging of a number of mules and much attention to details.

Tents are invariably used, as, except during the winter months, the traveller suffers much from vermin. Indeed, the *argas persicus* is infamous in its class, as its bite causes severe fever. I have read that this pernicious bug still lingers in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, thus carrying us back to the days of the pilgrims celebrated by Chaucer, who presumably brought it from the Holy Land.

Thanks to the wise liberality of the

Government of India, a medical officer or an Indian hospital assistant is generally included in the party; and the amount of good which is accomplished by medical means in Khorasan is untold, patients frequently coming to be operated on from beyond Herat. On the march, at every village the sick are attended to and prescriptions given to be carried to the compounder, who dispenses drugs in a second tent; but sometimes the ignorant rustic immediately swallows the actual prescription, believing that this is all that is needed! Again, when the question of diet comes up and chicken is recommended, the doctor will be gravely asked whether a cock should be eaten or a hen. The former is believed to be cold meat and the latter hot, and, in Persia, all diseases fall under one or the other category to be combated by their opposites in drugs and foods. In a case which once came under my notice, a patient, who had been attended in one of the villages, was told to come into Meshed for further treatment. A token was demanded, as the result of much importunity, a safety pin was given to serve as a passport to the doctor. The patient never came, but, some months later, he explained to his benefactor that he had cured himself by drinking water into which the pin had been thrown! Such is faith!

Two routes lead to Nishapur, the longer of which is used for wheeled traffic, and avoids the great range separating the two cities; but, except in winter, the direct route across the mountains is by far the most agreeable and will be the one described.

Leaving Meshed, with its golden dome sparkling in the glorious sunshine of a spring morning, we rode west, and obliquely approached the range, which is generally known as the Kuh-i-Nishapur. Gullistan, some ten miles from Meshed, is the first village

of any importance in the hill district termed Kuhpeia. Situated most picturesquely on the banks of a river, which drains this section of the range, it is the lowest of a series of cool retreats where the Meshedis delight to spend the summer months. Unlike most villages, which present a high blank mud wall to the passer by, Gullistan is composed of houses running to three stories, with windows cut in the main wall. When we rode past it, the little gardens and orchards were a blaze of peach blossom; and throughout the summer the wealth of greenery and running water is delightful. To Jaghark, the first stage from Meshed, the river bed is the main road, and to a dweller in the arid and treeless plains of Persia nothing could be more grateful than the combination of trees and running water, flanked by the blossom-laden orchards, which are framed in the savage hills above; at the same time, crossing and recrossing the boulder-strewn stream is by no means enjoyable when it is in flood. Jaghark is a typical hill village, built among the trees, with high stone houses, picturesque lattice-work windows, and overhanging eaves; but its inhabitants only spend their winters in it, and as soon as spring bursts forth occupy little wooden shanties in their orchards, where they look after their fruit trees, graze a few sheep and goats, cultivate silk, and make money out of their beehives.

The setting of these charming villages is enhanced by tumbling cascades; but yet floods sometimes cause terrible havoc, the very name of Jaghark, or "Place of Drowning," being ominous, and there is a story to the effect that some years ago a Persian regiment was swept away by a sudden flood, not a man being left to tell the tale. Above Jaghark, the valley gradually narrows, the wealth of trees decreases, and at last the traveller rides

up the stony watercourse with only bare hills on either side. Not that these hills have no compensations. Far from it, they are covered, if scantily, with aromatic bushes. It is also on these hillsides that the wild sheep of Persia, wariest of quarry, is to be found; and nothing is more delightful than to roam about in quest of sport, sleeping out under the dark blue sky. The air, too, is of the purest and most exhilarating, and nowhere can the *joie de vivre*, which springs from physical well-being be more fully felt than in these mighty mountains of Iran.

Jaghark is situated some 5000 feet above sea-level, or, roughly, 2000 feet above Meshed, but the summit of the range was reached at 9400 feet, and from it we looked back to the valley of the Kashaf Rud. Little dark green patches marked the various villages and a larger patch Meshed, but at first the golden dome was invisible. Suddenly a fitful flash, as if of summer lightning, flickered and then vanished, and thus revealed to us the "Glory of the Shia World," which is visited annually by thousands of the most devout pilgrims from every race in Asia which professes the Shia¹ faith. As is frequently noticeable in Persia, the summit of the range consisted of rolling downs, the steepest hills being lower down the valley. To the west, one of the highest points in the range, known as the Luk Tarsa, or "The Fearful Camel," rose a few hundred feet above the pass. Turning our backs on the valley in which Meshed is situated, we looked south, but a yellow haze brooded over the Nishapur plain and also the hills cut off the view. A rugged descent, particularly trying for pack animals, led down to Darrud, with its gigantic planes, the Arbre Sol of Marco Polo: below lay

¹ The larger number of Mohammedans are termed Sunnis and accept all the Caliphs. The Shias, however, consider that the first three Caliphs were usurpers; there also are other differences.

Kadamgah, on the edge of the open plain. We first sighted the, to us, familiar telegraph line, which is regarded with much awe by Persians, as it is believed that its starting point is the sleeping chamber of His Imperial Majesty the Shah, one of whose many titles is the "Asylum of the Universe." Presumably on this account telegraph offices are considered to be sanctuaries and are frequently invaded by thousands of citizens or peasants, who decline to leave until their grievances are righted. Governors, too, frequently summon their subordinates in other towns to the telegraph office and there give them instructions, which are sometimes couched in strong language. I once heard of a case in which an official was sent for, but when he arrived the line was not working. After patiently waiting for hours, the telegraphist cheered him by saying that a message was coming. *Pidar-i-Sukhta*, or "Son of a Burnt Father," a common term of abuse, was read, and again the line ceased to work! The feelings of the official may be imagined! Curiously enough, when the line was completed to Meshed, the first message sent was one from the Shah to the *Imma*² Riza at Meshed, who, although poisoned many centuries ago by the son of Haroun-al-Rashid, is considered to be living. A reply was vouchsafed in choice Arabic!

Kadamgah, of "The Place of the Foot Print" (*sc.*) of the *Imam* Riza, is a delightful shrine, situated in a garden of fine old firs. The veracious legend runs that as the saint was passing by a black stone from the neighboring Fire Temple³ rolled towards him and prayed that it might be freed

² *Imam* signifies Ali and his eleven successors who are held to be prophets and leaders by divine right.

³ The religion of Persia was Zoroastrianism until the Arabs imposed Mohammedanism in the seventh century. Even so, for many centuries the ancient religion had many adherents in Khorasan. To-day there are only ten thousand Persis, as we term them, in Yazd and Kerman and ninety thousand in India.

from the torments of hell. The saint agreed and sealed the stone by placing his feet on it, when his footprints were miraculously imprinted. The Zoroastrians, in fury, threw the stone into a well, where it remained until Shah Abbas, the great Sefavi monarch, and a contemporary of James I. of England, halted at this village. To him the saint appeared in a dream, as a consequence of which the stone was discovered and set up in a shrine which the monarch built. Like other shrines in Khorasan, the building, with its arches and beautiful tiles, well set up in a terraced garden, surrounded by the firs which the founder planted, is charming in the extreme. Close by is a battered caravanserai, which plays such a prominent part in Persian travel. Built for defence, and covering an acre in many cases, a caravanserai is a square cloister, round which are cells opening on to little archways. At the angles passages lead into dark stables behind, and in the centre there is frequently a covered tank of water, the flat top of which is a favorite sleeping place in summer. Caravanserais, as mentioned above, are avoided by Europeans except in winter, but, when marching in a storm, to reach a watertight room which a blanket hung over the door makes quite comfortable, causes one to bless the truly publicspirited founders of these Persian hotels where rich and poor alike are accommodated, and where, even if there is no furniture, the charges are proportionately small—indeed, the poor pay nothing.

At Kadamgah we were some sixteen miles east of Nishapur, and the following day were met by a reception party, termed an *istikbal*, some four miles short of our destination. As a rule, the son of the Governor or an official heads the party, which consists of as many mounted retainers as can be mustered, some of them leading sad-

dled horses. A second party carries silver maces, and a carriage is generally also sent. In this latter case the carriage sets the pace, and there is no delay, but, if not, a "collected walk," so dear to the heart of a riding-master, is necessary according to etiquette, and is very tiring after, say, a march of thirty miles, which has included numerous stalks after sandgrouse, partridges, duck or pigeon. In the present instance, I had recently met the Governor of Nishapur at Meshed, and we were received even more hospitably than usual, a very nice suite of rooms and a beautiful garden being placed at our disposal. In Persia, the stranger is called on as soon as he is deemed to be sufficiently rested, and, in consequence, for some hours I was giving the latest news of the world in exchange for polite inquiries and a certain amount of local gossip. At night my host and his sons dined, but retired early, and I speedily followed their example, with pleasant anticipations of an interesting day to come.

Before referring to Omar Khayyam, I will try to give some idea of the physical surroundings in which he lived, as all poets are influenced by their environment. The Nishapur plain is bounded to the north by the range of the same name, which rises to over 9000 feet and presents an imposing appearance, especially when covered with snow. The soil of the lower hills is pink, which gives a curious effect. To the south, rises a second and lower range, beyond which lies much desert towards the district of Turshiz. The fertility of the plain depends entirely upon the main range, from which not only streams run down, but which also feeds the springs, tapped by the underground channels known as *kanats*, which play so important a part in Persian agriculture. Averaging, perhaps ten miles in width,

the Nishapur plain is 'studded with numerous villages, which are conspicuous mainly thanks to the poplar trees in their gardens; otherwise they would hardly be visible from a distance.

In Oriental hyperbole, the richness of Nishapur was expressed in multiples of twelve. Twelve rivers, twelve thousand springs, supplying twelve hundred villages and twelve mines, including the famous turquoise mines much lauded by mediæval travellers; but I am afraid that these worthies were prone to exaggeration, and, although old Nishapur was undoubtedly larger and of more importance than its successor, I doubt whether the famous plain was much more cultivated than to-day, when the raids of the Turkoman have almost ceased and there is a large demand for cotton from Trans-Caspia. A second point is that the size of towns was very frequently a sign of insecurity, and meant that there were no scattered hamlets dotted about, but only a few walled towns and villages.

Travellers invariably lament the number of ruins they see in Persia, but these are generally due to the population being more scattered about or to change of site, and are, in fact, a proof of better times. Persia of to-day, in my humble opinion, has never been more populous—at any rate since the Mongol cataclysm. To anyone fresh from green Europe, apart from the treelessness, the enormous extent of apparently waste land is most striking. As a matter of fact, the numerous villages are widely scattered in the broad plain and the skirt of the hills appears to be desert; yet the comparative affluence of the Persian farmer is owing to the fact that he can graze a flock of sheep and goats and keep a few cows and donkeys for practically nothing; we must also not forget his free firewood. Thus, paradoxical as it may sound, the wealth of Persia is in

its *dasht*, as the untilled land is termed. I may add that as almost all the crops depend on irrigation, and as only level land at some distance from the hills can be cultivated, there must of necessity be much empty land, water being alone really valuable. To summarize, Omar in his day looked across the plain to the main range, distant six or seven miles, which, except when covered with snow, looks barren and arid. If he turned his eyes in any other direction he saw level land, partly covered with crops or entirely brown and fallow. At no season is there more than a short-lived blush of green and nowhere, except in the high-walled gardens or along the watercourses, do trees grow. In short, there is no luxuriance and nature gives grudgingly.

I now propose to give a brief account of Omar, known as Khayyam, or "the tent-maker," who flourished in the latter half of our eleventh century, and who died in A.D. 1123. Curiously enough, he was connected with two other historical personages, one of whom was the Nizam-ul-Mulk, the famous Vizier of the Seljuks, the other being Hasan Sabbah, through whose maleficent genius the Assassins, as they are known in history, increased in power until even Christian crusaders felt most sorely that the "Old Man of the Mountains," as the head of the order in Syria was termed, was a power to be reckoned with, many of their leaders falling beneath a devotee's knife. The story goes that all three when boys attended the same school at Nishapur, and, becoming devoted friends, registered a solemn vow, which was sealed by drinking each other's blood, that through life they would help one another if in a position to do so.

Consequently, when the Nizam-ul-Mulk became Grand Vizier, he offered Omar the governorship of Nishapur, but the sage asked for a pension in-

stead, which was granted him. Hasan Sabbah obtained a post at court, and immediately set on foot a plot for supplanting his benefactor. However, failing in this, he fled to Cairo, whence he returned to Persia to carry on a propaganda, which ultimately was extraordinarily successful. Indeed one of his first victims was the Nizam-ul-Mulk himself.

Of Omar we know little, but we see that he was highly respected and a *persona grata* at Court. In this connection it is related that he was once consulted by the King, who asked him to select a period of fine weather for a hunting expedition. This was done, but shortly after starting snow began to fall, and the King wished to return. However, on the sage promising him fine weather, he continued on his way and the snow cleared off. This is a sample of the various anecdotes existent, most of which are equally childish.

Omar's reputation in his native land is that of a philosopher, astronomer and mathematician, rather than of a composer of verse, but, as the genius of Fitzgerald has made him the best known poet of Persia wherever the English tongue is read, it is to his immortal quatrains that I would now refer. I do not propose in any way to criticise Omar Khayyam as a poet, but, perhaps, a few remarks explaining some of his allusions may be of interest.

To begin with, "The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep" is a reference to the great ruins of Persepolis, now termed Takht-i-Jamshyd, or the "Throne of Jamshyd," but actually the palaces of the Achemenian monarchs, the founder of whose dynasty was Cyrus the Great. Jamshyd, originally Yama, is one of the earliest Aryan myths, he being the first man, the counterpart of Adam, and, later, by a natural transition, the King of

the Dead. By the time the legend reached the Persians, he is known as a great monarch during whose reign wine was invented and drunk by him out of his "seven-ringed cup," which phrase itself embodies old-time legends and a reference to the seven planets. Now, Persians, as Mohammedans, are strictly forbidden to drink wine, but they have never altogether forsaken their ancient customs. Thus, when the poet says, "Wine! Wine! Wine!" he means what he says, and it is wronging his memory to distort his meaning into some mystical allusion.

Again, we have the lines, "And Bahram, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his sleep." Here we have a reference to one of the most popular kings of Persia. This monarch, whose title was *Gur*, or "Wild Ass," imported twelve thousand Indian singers and dancers from India, possibly the ancestors of the gypsies. He possessed seven castles, each with its royal mistress, and it was when hunting his favorite quarry from one of these lodges near Persepolis that he was lost in a swamp.

Finally, we read a reference to polo in—

"The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Here or There, as strikes the Player, goes;
And he that toss'd you down into the Field,
He knows about it all—*He* knows—
He knows!"

And one can imagine how the game flourished in the level plain of Nishapur. It died out about a century and a half ago, but was reintroduced into its birthplace by me some twelve years ago. Yet what a hold it had in Persia may be gathered by the number of poems in which it is referred to. In the case of Bahram Gur, who is mentioned above, it was included with riding and

hunting as the three studies followed by the young monarch when a youth.

I will now invite the reader to accompany me to the ruins of ancient Nishapur, situated some three miles to the east of the modern town, which is of no special interest. Riding through the suburbs of the present town, we passed a potter's shop, and, like the poet, stopped "To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay," and, while watching, we felt a thrill that already we were in touch with Omar; and the feeling was intensified as we passed a group of merchants picnicing . . . "along the strip of Herbage strown That just divides the desert from the sown." Indeed, the delight of Persians in anything green, with even a few scrubby willows to shade them from the heat, is quite pathetic to dwellers in more favored lands.

In Persia, all towns were, and still are, surrounded by high mud walls with frequent round towers. These, when not repaired, gradually dissolve into their original earth, and present an appearance of low mounds; and this is all that remains of ancient Nishapur, which was once the capital of Khorasan and had "forty-two quarters, some of which were half the size of the city of Shiraz," according to the Arab traveller Mukaddasi. A terrible earthquake, in A.D. 1145, followed by a second seismic disturbance in A.D. 1208, destroyed the city, but it was quickly rebuilt, and was again flourishing when Chengiz Khan, who once boasted that he had slain thirteen million human beings during his bloody career, sacked it. The entire population, including that of the neighboring villages, to the number of over a million and a half—the figures must surely be an exaggeration—were taken out in batches and massacred, and the ruins of the town sown. Once again, owing to its natural fertility, Nishapur arose, but yet once again, in A.D. 1280, an earth-

quake laid it low, after which the present city was built.

Meanwhile, we had ridden over what were once the city walls, and were approaching an enclosure which was entered by a gateway, over which chains were hung, thereby signifying that it was a place of refuge or sanctuary. We entered a pleasant, formal Persian garden, with fruit trees, elms and rose-bushes on both sides; a broad path ran up the centre to the shrine, with a tank of water about half way. In front of us rose a domed building with a fine arch, supported on both sides by wings. Inside the arch were verses of the Koran in blue and white tiles. Beyond was the chamber in which a tomb, covered by a green shawl, was situated in the place of honor under the dome. The chamber was decorated with tiles for about five feet from the ground, and above this was plaster work. I did not enter the chamber, as there is always a certain amount of fanatical feeling against allowing Europeans to enter Shia shrines, and, indeed, the sour-looking custodian looked as if he would gladly have barred our entrance into the garden.

The shrine was founded by Shah Abbas in honor of *Imamzade*⁴ Mohammed, a relative of the *Imam* Riza, who is known by the appellation of *Mahrûk*, or "Burned," because he was burned to death by a governor of Khorasan for converting to the Shia tenets a princess of the family of the Calif, with whom he had fallen in love. The building, and also the tiles, were evidently the work of the same craftsmen who built and decorated the shrine at Kadamgah, and the date is A.D. 1632.

The bones of Omar Khayyam who, as a Sunni, is held in disfavor by the fanatical in Persia, do not, however, rest inside the chamber, but, turning to the eastern wing, an uninscribed plas-

⁴ *Imamzade* signifies son of an *Imam*.

tered tomb was shown us, and here Omar Khayyam is buried. One advantage at least is preserved to the poet, which is that, as he foretold, the trees shed their blossoms on him twice a year; in other words, the blossoms of the fruit-trees in the garden are carried to his grave. The generally accepted idea that the poet referred to roses is due to an error in the translation of the Persian word *gul*, which signifies a flower, and, as Professor Browne proves, refers in the present instance to peach and pear-blossoms and not to roses.

Here, then, my pilgrimage was accomplished, and here, too, I would venture to express the view that Omar Khayyam deserves immortality as a poet, not only for his poems, but as

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having inspired Fitzgerald to be the "key" to the "door" which has opened a new world to the somewhat prosaic Anglo-Saxon mind, and has incidentally produced so strong a wave of feeling in England and America for Omar Khayyam and the land of his birth that ninety per cent. of the fair seekers after knowledge in the Oriental Library at the British Museum asks some question as to the bard of Nishapur!

Our task was finished, and, as we turned to leave the garden, a *bulbul*, or nightingale, burst forth into joyous song from a bush of red roses as Omar wrote:—

The Nightingale cries to the Rose
That sallow cheek of hers to incarnadine."

Tamám Shud.

VIRTUES OF THE LONDONER.

The faults of the Londoner can always be recognized and identified; his good qualities soon become taken as a matter of course, and fail, after a while, to obtain honorable mention. Just as it is necessary, now and again, to pull oneself up with a jerk in walking about town and to recollect that because the scene is familiar it need not be deprived of one's admiration, so in regard to the inhabitant, it is worth while to take the view of the stranger and to make a guess at his impressions.

A visitor must admit that in London he is treated with courtesy. In the shops this is expected as something within the bargain, and brusqueness exhibited across the counter would be a startling novelty. Wherever payment has to be made, politeness is thrown in as a matter of course. The general good manners of town are more apparent in casual circumstances. A traveller in a public con-

veyance wants to be set down at a turning not within the knowledge of the conductor; at once every passenger gives up other interest, and attention is concentrated on the problem. The delight of an omnibus on discovering the presence of a Colonial who cannot distinguish between St. Margaret's and the Abbey is something that cannot be concealed; brisk competition ensues for the privilege of acting as guide. A Londoner of whom a direction is asked takes a moment to recover from his surprise at the question (it seems incredible to him that anybody should be ignorant of the way to Charing Cross), but the situation once realized he will take considerable trouble in giving the information required; some may count it a defect that in doing so he sometimes forgets to range himself, as a constable does, side by side with a questioner, with the result that in his recommendations left becomes right and right becomes left, but his intention

is always admirable. As for the policemen themselves, the excellence of their behavior can be estimated in recollecting the stir occasioned when the conduct of a member falls below the high standard and an impartial magistrate has to speak of him in tones of reproof. Performing a considerable duty in looking after decorum, it may be claimed that the constable is equally valuable in representing officially the good manners of town. Even among the class who regard him as an opposing force, he is looked upon as one whose general knowledge has no limitations; and I heard a notorious convict the other evening consulting earnestly with a member of the S Division on the best way to deal with reluctant scarlet runners. The improvement which has taken place in the manners of children in the street finds its best signal in the fact that the presence of the unusual person rarely excites them into the derisive comments that formed subjects for the old pages of *Punch*. Let me add a further proof. A double line of St. Pancras schoolboys, marching to the public baths for their swimming lesson the other morning, were passed by a short procession going at a trot to Highgate Cemetery: every youngster at the right moment took off his cap.

The diminishing number of squabbles and disturbances in London streets must be reckoned as an important item on the credit side. Now and again lads of the hard-up districts will set out to create tumult, and sometimes success attends the efforts; they are aged between fifteen and eighteen, and the action is the result, partly of an intense desire to prove that they are fully grown, partly because, the time being generally autumn, there is really little else for them to do. For the rest, domestic argument takes place less frequently in the roadway, and any attempt to re-

vert to the old methods of public debate is met with urgent counsel from neighbors; the parties are recommended to transfer consideration to a private committee of the house. The decrease in outdoor fights is due, I believe, to the fact that so many youths are being taught to box: a scientific knowledge prevents them from behaving stupidly, and the training gives some control over temper; the tussle of the street is generally engaged upon by fools who are not sure whether they can fight, but are inclined to make an experiment. Here, the increasing temperateness of London in regard to drink is a factor. Anyone who knows the other large towns of Great Britain (and Ireland) can give the names of a dozen where the display of inebriety is more flagrant; Glasgow, for instance, on a Saturday night at ten gives a spectacle that would astonish a Cockney, making him inclined to disbelieve the evidence of his eyes. I do not know that the number of total abstainers has become much greater, but the aid of statistics is unnecessary to prove that moderation is more popular. A grown man scarcely dares to brag of his tip-siness the night before; only the type of the callow junior clerk speaks with pride of excess in this regard, and even he has to select his audience carefully for fear of being made the recipient of some contemptuous remark. There are reasons for this. The London workman does not have to labor so hard for his wages as do the similars in other towns; his days are less monotonous and evening joys are provided; the town smiles at him during his leisure hours, and the look-out is brighter than at, say, Wigan. Also, his earnings are not so large that he feels able to afford the dear excursions into luxury on which the Northcountryman engages. His language is limited, and it will take a good many further

years of State education to enlarge his vocabulary; but he is discovering some adjectives that form a variant on the two which, for many years, made up a great part of his conversation. He must have ascertained that their power of expressing thought had limits, and there was certainly a touch of pathos in the circumstance that he had to use them to help him to describe annoyance, satisfaction, regret, contentment. A sensitive ear may still be hurt in Bethnal Green at moments when conversation becomes rapid, but it receives nothing like the amount of damage incurred a dozen years ago.

The Londoner of every grade prides himself on alertness of retort, and he knows the chief element of a repartee is that it should be served instantly. Deliberation is of no avail. A promise to think it over and write does not gain marks in a contest of words. From his boyhood the Londoner has lived in an atmosphere of chaff, and if he has no special capability in invention he can always imitate. This, for instance, is the plan of the omnibus conductors. All omnibus conductors are not witty, but a few of them happen to possess a fair talent in the direction, and colleagues less gifted have only to adopt and adapt the methods; the fact that similar circumstances are frequently encountered where similar remarks are considered pat and appropriate, gives the class a reputation higher than it deserves. Also, the Londoner likes fun. A good anecdote, started in town, flies with extraordinary rapidity, so that one has to be fleet of foot to be the first messenger for more than a few hours. A man who can make up an excellent story and send it about rarely gets more than a small share of the applause, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has, in some small way, lightened the days and given excuse for laughter; the town has some practice

in the art of laughing; I wish it had more. The Londoner is a child who can be induced to amend manners if only the right blend of firmness and of persuasion be used. Years ago in setting out for the play, and proposing to obtain the unreserved seats, it was taken as a matter of course that a desperate struggle must precede entrance to any popular theatre, with a body of folk swaying and surging in front of the pit entrance, women screaming, umbrellas snapping, hats disappearing, lads shouting until the doors were suddenly unbarred by an official who sprinted up the staircase, whereupon the patrons forgot enmities, dismissed friendships, and rammed and crammed and jammed themselves into the opening; the street resembled, ten minutes later, the field of Waterloo on the day after the battle. Similarly, there existed Promenade Concerts where the music was cautiously arranged so that no bar should be above the comprehension of the unmusical, and young blades of town, devoting themselves to the ample refreshment counter behind the orchestra, counted the evening wasted unless they could say afterwards that they had been turned out of the place on account of riotous behavior. All this has changed. All this has improved. It was only necessary in one case to issue a request that patrons of the theatre should line up in two's instead of forming a turbulent half circle, only required in the other that something better than infantile waltzes should be offered; the Londoner ranged himself at once, and few sights impress more deeply those who have memories of town as it was than the spectacle to be seen at Queen's Hall, where hundreds of people, closely packed in what is called the promenade, listen attentively to a thirty-five minutes' symphony, without so much as a sign of impatience beyond a glance of re-

proach at the water fountain for showing indifference. To find anything resembling the old behavior inside a theatre you now have to go to Edgware Road on a Saturday night; even there the tumult only lasts while preliminaries are being mentioned on the stage: so soon as the heroine trips on with a basket of roses, the gallery—ordering itself, in sterner tones than those used by the officials, to keep order—settles down quietly to watch her duel against horrid fate. Even the comments wrung from the audience in moments of stress are now exceedingly rare; in the larger theatres they have almost ceased, but some time since, when a notable actor manager made his appearance in Act One through double doors, throwing them open with an air and standing there in impressive silence for the moment, a voice from the gallery did call out, "Next station, Marble Arch!" For the rest, the disturbance within theatres comes from occupants of the private boxes, whose elocutionary powers are better than they know.

The general impression of the Londoner on holiday, and one that will require many pens working through many years to eradicate, is that he goes intoxicated to the Heath, where he dances foolishly after changing hats with his lady companion, roaring his way home at a late hour, and generally breaking the peace into small fragments. I spent nearly the whole of last Bank Holiday at Hampstead. I saw in the afternoon two boys simulating inebriety, but stopping this on seeing one of their teachers; in the late evening, in the course of half an hour's walk home, I detected three men and one woman who were extravagantly lively as a consequence of drink. There was dancing on the Heath, and good dancing, too; skipping (we should all feel a great deal better in health if we found some corner and

skipped privately for half an hour every day), swinging in boats, a dozen different opportunities for testing skill, from shooting at a ball that danced on a spurt of water to the aiming at cocoanuts on dwarf sticks, and the crashing of a hammer on a machine which registered the amount of force put into the task; everywhere a good blend of decorum and gaiety. Now, when you consider the anticipations preceding the day, the encouragement to youth on finding itself in a large open space to run amok and create mischief, the fact that here is an occasion on which there is money to be spent, friends encountered, relatives welcomed, it will be agreed that the Londoner has discovered how to take his pleasures sanely. Not, of course, everyone goes to the open on Bank Holiday. Many a Londoner devotes the hours to his back garden. The pride of a townsman who by courage, ability, and artfulness can induce flowers to grow is something that may possibly be equalled—it can scarcely be surpassed; if in addition he owns a cucumber frame, or, with ordinary luck, raises lettuces, then he becomes a man who must only be addressed in tones of great deference. In second-class compartments of City trains you will see, any summer morning, young and middle-aged men ignoring their newspaper and risking the acquisition of a squint in anxiety to admire the rose in their buttonhole; waiting with a certain impatience to respond to inquiries concerning its title. Children of the hard-up districts are being encouraged in this direction, and their flower shows given during the daffodil and hyacinth time in such neighborhoods as Shoreditch and Bethnal Green give them some of the joys of paternity. Where no facilities exist for private cultivation, window boxes are used, and increasingly used, from Grosvenor Square west to Canrobert

Street east, and there is good reason to believe that the time will come when any window in any quarter of town will reckon itself naked and ashamed unless its sill contributes some color and some brightness to the general effect. The sentiment which the Londoner, young, middle-aged, and old, hides in regard to so many subjects is not concealed where flowers are concerned. You can make yourself more popular by taking bunches to the infants' department of the County Council schools than by practising any other form of bribery.

The small people in the hard-up quarters of town are so wonderful in their, perhaps, premature cleverness that it is difficult to see why greater efforts are not made to carry them safely through the perilous first year of their lives. The fact has to be recognized that parents are sometimes careless, often ignorant; it must be said in their favor that they are rarely intentionally unkind; they show gratitude for any assistance given in the preservation of their little ones. In Brunswick Place, Hoxton, we have started a home for wasting babies intended to deal with small patients not considered to come within the scope of hospital work, but all the same likely to make but a brief stay in the world unless treated wisely and correctly. It is amazing to notice the swift improvement in health, appearance, and spirits. They come in, desolate mites with the skin hanging loosely on their puny limbs, a tired air of not caring whether they live or not; a week or two of proper feeding and cleanliness and they become round-faced and cheerful, answering readily to the complimentary attentions of even a clumsy bachelor. The London child, if it does get over these dangerous early months, becomes a wiry person with a good deal of vitality, and, in spite of surroundings, not more subject to the ab-

sences of good health than a child who lives in the fresh air of the country. Theoretically, five people living in one room ought not to live; as a matter of fact they do have a fairly good innings, although the centuries that are sometimes scored on village greens are rarely recorded at Abney Park. The Londoner owes something to himself; a good deal to his town, where events are always happening, new incidents being prepared, and a lively interest continuously excited.

He is an enthusiastic collector of occurrences, for which reason he never can, however urgent the task on which he may be engaged, refrain from adding himself to any crowd that is assembling, and he does not leave until he has ascertained all the particulars. The Londoner possesses some of the instincts of a journalist; his desire to be in a position to report exclusive news is sufficiently acute to encourage him at times into exaggeration. The City man, arriving home, likes nothing so much as to be able to put the question "Whom do you think I met to-day?" insisting that his wife should guess, and keeping her upon the tenterhooks of suspense before proclaiming the information. Failing imperial news of this kind, he has, with any luck, a sheaf of incidents that his observation has gained, from the presence of distinguished visitors at the Mansion House to the crippling of a motor omnibus in Newgate Street; the wife, on her side, offers a number of happenings which have come under her notice since his departure at twenty to nine that morning. Thus a fair exchange is made, to the advantage of both parties. I have mentioned that the Londoner is sometimes tempted into exaggeration. This happens only when the actual event is, from circumstances not within his control, lacking in sparkle and pungency. He cannot be charged with the instinctive un-

truthfulness that belongs to the inhabitants of some portions of His Majesty's kingdom, and is to be found also among the imported aliens. The county court judges of town will give him a good character; when he makes an adventure into perjury he does it with so much clumsiness that fraud disappears. The Londoner, indeed, has a profound respect for the law, although he may sometimes break it, and the most determined iconoclast is a fervent worshipper of the policeman's glove, ready and anxious to obey its slightest movement. The obstructive gates which once protected the squares could not bar more effectually, and it is small wonder that the traffic director always has a chapter to himself in the books written by foreign visitors to town, a chapter as long as that devoted to English sports.

The attention to sport is no longer a monopoly of the English, certainly not the exclusive property of the Londoner; but he has the idea that everything of importance in this respect takes place at or near to his town, and he receives with incredulity the statement that a conspicuous event has occurred elsewhere. Once his interest is excited there are no limits to it, and the afternoon papers cannot come out frequently enough to satisfy his appetite. A good score by a Middlesex man cheers London from end to end; some excellent bowling by Surrey compels the most worried to throw off their cares; a year or two since you could tell by the exultant air worn by many that Kent had a chance of becoming the champion county. For some reasons, I regret the disappearance of the men in by-streets whose air of mystery was so elaborate as to destroy mysteriousness; who walked about, but were ever on point duty; who accepted slips of paper and coins in the manner of a conjuror and, I dare say, caused them to vanish; the

existence of these bookmakers' agents did mean that folk in minor circumstances shared the thrill that comes to many in the endeavor to gain cash without working for it laboriously. I think they were entitled to share this so long as opportunities were offered to any, and they have a grievance now on finding that the opportunities are reserved for the few, but I am bound to say one hears very few complaints. Here is a characteristic of the Londoner (which he shares with his countrymen), the readiness to shake hands once a fight is over. He may struggle and wrangle and argue and post bills and speak at street corners while the struggle progresses; but once the matter is settled by a superior authority he wastes no time in treasuring rancour, and is indeed obviously relieved to find the contest over. The Londoner has spacious and regular opportunities for public oratory, in the parks, near railway arches, at open triangles; because of the existence of these opportunities only a few take advantage. The Londoner does not mind listening, generally presenting a shoulder to the speaker and his features wearing an expression of amusement; he prefers the cruet-stand type of address, with plenty of mustard and vinegar and pepper, and on the north side of Hyde Park will stroll from the Christadelphian group to one with a red banner in search of the most vigorous speech, the voice which can be heard without auricular effort. He looks upon it all as an entertainment, regards the strenuous exertions of the man on a chair as he would watch a turn at the music halls. There came at one time to Regent's Park on Sunday mornings an ex-convict who, underneath a tree, spoke with enormous fury of the hardship of prison life, of his grievances against warders, whirling his arms about madly, frothing at the lips, and in general eccentricity

outbidding the occupants of the Zoological Gardens close by. He always had a good complacent audience until, his energy exhausted, he started to speak more calmly and to give a warning based on personal experience—a recommendation to pursue the straight path; at the first words of this part of his discourse the crowd began to break off in flakes, and in less than three minutes his audience consisted of two nursemaids and a German waiter. No one can beat your townsman in bearing other people's troubles with equanimity.

The Londoner is made up of a good many types, benefiting greatly by those contributed every day by the country, and it is not claimed here that

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he is turned out of one mould. Whether born in town or recruited later, he does, however, acquire certain characteristics that are mainly the result of his surroundings, and the average Londoner is the man who has been under consideration. An upright judge, attending to the evidence and giving ears to both sides, will not be likely, in summing up, to declare the Londoner perfect; a severe judge may give his opinion in what is called scathing terms; a generous judge will say that the Londoner with all his faults is rather better than the world has any right to expect him to be. It is with this last view that most of us, hoping for kindness when we ourselves are arraigned, will agree.

W. Pett Ridge.

MONSIEUR DE LA GARDE.

"But the Cardinal——"

"Now, the devil take the Cardinal," broke in de Malines savagely. "His Majesty gave *me* my orders—to take this traitor de Mestre alive, if possible; and I tell you, M. de Genlis, that we must make it our business, you and I, to see that it is impossible. Come, the quarry is fairly harbored. Let us spur on and sound the *mort*."

He gave rein to his horse as he spoke. De Genlis followed at a footpace, reluctantly. He was thinking.

De Mestre had been closely associated with Chalais; only, whereas Chalais had lost his head first metaphorically, then actually, de Mestre had kept his. Nevertheless, from that day, out of prudence or resentment, he had dissociated himself from the Court and had lived in the strictest seclusion on his own estates. Now, those estates were of great value, and, should anything happen to de Mestre, there was only one life between them and de Genlis—that of a certain de Malines, a

profligate young ruffler of the camp.

So far all was clear sailing. De Genlis for purposes of his own had succeeded in inducing de Malines to come to Paris, had introduced him to Court, supplied him with money—borrowed, had de Malines but known it, on his own *post-obit*—and secured him a place in the King's service. Also, for purposes of his own, he had succeeded in arousing the suspicions of Louis the Just—never a very difficult matter—against the absent de Mestre, and, again for purposes of his own, had secured that de Malines, in person, should be sent to arrest him with a troop of horse.

But the Cardinal! When Chalais had been smitten down, Richelieu had held his hand. That he could have brought de Mestre to the scaffold was not to be doubted, but he had not done so, and Richelieu never acted—nor refrained from acting—without a reason. Moreover, he had twice given orders that de Mestre was to be taken alive.

De Genlis smote his hands together in his vexation. What a fool he had been to come! Left to himself, de Malines might well have disregarded his orders—and paid the forfeit.

A jeering laugh interrupted his reflections. De Malines had reined in his horse and was waiting for him.

"Why this cloudy brow, my doughty conspirator?" he sneered. "The affair is simplicity itself. By great good fortune I have never seen my fair cousin of de Mestre. When he is arrested, he will resist, and there will be an accident. Some one will be injured by mistake. No blame can attach to me, for, as I said, I have never seen him. And, mind you, M. de Genlis," he ended gravely, "this accident must happen, otherwise not one ounce of profit will come to either of us. Be very sure of that."

"Ah, quite possibly; But the Cardinal——"

"Ten thousand devils take the Cardinal—and you too!" burst out de Malines. "You would think he was a bogey, and I a baby to be scared by a nurse's tale—and indeed you *are* very little better than an old woman. The Cardinal! Bah! he was twenty leagues away when we left him."

He spurred his horse and rode on impatiently. De Genlis waited a while, regarding the young man with extreme malevolence. Then, with an irritated shake of his head, he rode after him.

"See here, de Malines," he said, "I may be an old woman—I let the offensive term pass, for the present—but you are a young fool. The Cardinal, we know, is interested in this case. Very well. We are riding through the forest of de Mestre to the Château. His Eminence you say, is twenty leagues away. Believe me, nothing would surprise me less than to find him at the Château awaiting us."

"He will have to be quick, then,"

laughed the younger man scornfully, "for here we are at the edge of the timber, and—— *Peste!*"

The trees cleared, and before them lay an open park, with smooth lawns, stately trees, and formal flower-plots, and in the midst a low gray building, the Château de Mestre. All round the building were straggling pickets; in front was a company of soldiers, and near them a cowering cluster of men and women.

But it was not this sight that broke so sharply into de Malines' scornful speech. Close at hand, within the shadow of the trees, was a group of officers in brilliant uniform. It needed but a glance to recognize the leader.

"*Peste!*" repeated de Malines. "You are right. He is here. This Cardinal is the devil himself."

"Well, M. de Malines," cried the Cardinal, as the young man rode up and saluted, "you see me here. It was a heavy task for a young hand—besides, I should not have chosen you. I had forgotten the man was your cousin; and blood is sometimes thicker than water, is it not so?"

In spite of the apparent friendliness of this greeting, de Malines felt uncomfortable, and more than uncomfortable. It was not only that his hopes of silencing his quarry were baffled: he could read distrust—and something more subtle, behind the Cardinal's *bonhomie*.

"The King's enemies are my enemies," he stammered awkwardly.

"A noble sentiment, monsieur. Ah, it is M. de Genlis?" with a lift of his brows, apparently noticing de Genlis for the first time. "You also, I believe, are connected with de Mestre. And what say you, monsieur?"

De Genlis met the Cardinal's eyes without wavering. "M. de Malines has anticipated my words," he replied coldly.

"I can well believe you," retorted

Richellieu. "The King shall know of your devotion. I see," with a scornful glance at the straggling soldiery, "you have already taken steps to apprehend the King's enemy. Perhaps you have already succeeded. Yonder," pointing to the group of men and women, "is, I take it, the household of de Mestre. Come, let us see." He turned his horse as he spoke and moved in the direction indicated.

"By the way, M. de Malines," he resumed, "I shall look to you to identify this gentleman. I never have had the honor of his acquaintance. He was always," he shrugged his shoulders, "of a modest disposition."

"It is unfortunate, monseigneur, but I have never met him. I did not arrive in Paris till after his—his ostracism."

"M. de Genlis, then?"

"I have scarcely seen him since he was a boy, but then he was, as your Eminence has said, of a furtive disposition."

"Nevertheless, question the people!"

De Genlis dismounted and obeyed. After a cursory examination he returned.

"He is not there, monseigneur. You can see for yourself that none of these are gentlemen. They say this de Mestre has fled more than a week, but I believe they are lying. He is probably in hiding."

Richellieu shook his head.

"I think not. He has heard something from some one with a long tongue—so much I have known some days—and you can guess, M. de Malines, from whose. Now listen to me!" he paused. De Malines bowed sullenly in his saddle. "I understand," resumed Richellieu, "that M. de Mestre's escape may inconvenience you seriously. I know you to be a daring soldier and a fine blade, but you have not learnt to hold your tongue. Acquire that lesson, and you will not re-

gret it. In the meantime—well, the meantime will be your punishment."

De Genlis advanced timidly.

"I would submit to your Eminence"—there was a trace of anxiety in his voice—"that as M. de Mestre has fled, his estates are implicitly forfeit, and that M. de Malines might be allowed provisionally."

"I have thought of that," returned Richellieu shortly. "It depend on M. de Malines alone; and now—"

He rode forward slowly to the *château*. At the base of the steps leading to the main entrance he drew rein.

"*Olà*, M. de Mestre!" he called jestingly.

Upon the word the doors were thrown open and a young man came running down the steps and caught the Cardinal's horse by the bridle. There was a hurried pushing forward of the escort, a discord of exclamation, the rasping of steel on scabbard and glimmer of blades, but the new-comer remained quite unmoved. Taking the stirrup in his hand, he dexterously aided Richellieu, who was as calm as himself, to dismount. He then stepped quietly to the head of the horse with the rein in his hand.

The Cardinal looked at him attentively, then gave a little laugh.

"I had thought for a moment . . ." he said; "but no! it is impossible. This is not our man."

He turned to his followers. De Malines laughed bolsterously. His nerves had been on a strain and needed relief.

"You, M. de Genlis."

De Genlis moved up his horse and scrutinized the stranger—tall, lithe, with clean-shaven face and close-cropped head, his sun-tanned throat showing strong and firm against the open collar of his jerkin—a man who had spent his life in hard work in the open; a pricker of the hunt by appearance.

"No, monseigneur;" then, looking keenly into the man's eyes, "No, monseigneur."

Richelieu kicked the gravel discontentedly.

"Too late," he grumbled—"too late; and I wanted this de Mestre. Perhaps the servants . . . but no." He snapped his fingers impatiently, then, turning suddenly full on the man, "Come, fellow, where is your master?"

"I have no master," replied the man sadly.

"Chut! chut! Where is M. de Mestre?"

"M. de Mestre has escaped—in the guise of a servant."

Richelieu made an irritable gesture. "I know he has escaped. I know that. I asked where he is now."

"I cannot say; but this much I can assure you, monseigneur, that, spur you never so hard, you will not overtake him."

"That we shall see," snarled Richelieu. "M. de Malines, search the Château."

"Might I be permitted, monseigneur—" began the new-comer deferentially.

"What?"

"To suggest that you should conduct the search? There may be papers you might wish to see that others might want you not to see. There are trinkets and jewels that might find their way into troopers' pockets—"

Richelieu commenced to laugh. "You are a strange fellow," he said. "Is there anything more?"

"Over the ingle-nook in the Great Hall is a portrait of M. de Mestre. It may be of assistance—in identification."

"You are a strange fellow," again commented the Cardinal, and strode off into the house.

Opposite the fireplace in the hall he stopped. The portrait was there—a

young man with long light hair falling over his shoulders, a short pointed beard, and deep, thoughtful eyes. Richelieu laughed again.

"But what an idea!" he muttered. Then aloud: "Continue the search, M. de Malines, but we shall find nothing. Come," and he led the troopers from room to room, but perfunctorily, like one who knows that his work is labor in vain.

De Genlis had not dismounted. He waited quietly till Richelieu had passed out of sight—quietly, but his horse's mouth was chafed to foam. Then, bending over his saddle, "M. de Mestre," he whispered.

The stranger looked up calmly. "You were saying, monsieur."

De Genlis smote his gloved hand angrily on his thigh.

"I was saying! I was saying! Pah! I was asking. This M. de Mestre was a mighty hunter, is it not so?"

"He was devoted to the chase, monsieur."

"Ah! yes, so I had heard. He was a fine sportsman, and—and—he was a master swordsman, was he not?"

"He had few equals, monsieur."

"And you? You are a fine fellow. You say you have no master. What would you say to taking service under me?"

"You honor me much, monsieur, but I have set my heart on the profession of arms. If the Lord Cardinal—that was his Eminence, was it not? See," pointing to the entrance of the Château, "that is he, surely!"

Richelieu was coming down the steps. De Genlis' reply was a bitter oath and silence.

Richelieu mounted moodily, and remained for a while, a long while, without speaking. Then suddenly:

"And now, Sir Unknown, what of yourself? Who are you?"

"A gentleman, monsieur."

"Chut! I know that. Do not chop

words. What is your name? Whence come you?"

"I am without name, without land, almost without hope. Monsieur" raising his expressive eyes, "M. de Mestre's case is no isolated one. I am telling you nothing new, monseigneur. During the last few years many and better men than I have been—submerged. To remember their names is for them—unwise; to remember their former estate, torture."

"True. Very true, very true. But, after all, why are you here?"

"I waited, monseigneur. When tongues are loose, news travels fast, and," with a smile, "it did not require a vast amount of perspicacity to surmise that your Eminence might come in person."

"And so?"

"I waited. When I recognized your Eminence, I decided to wait longer. Had it been yonder ruined gamester"—he lifted an accusing hand towards de Malines—"well, I should not have waited."

Richelleu checked, with a movement of his hand, speech and action on the part of de Malines. "And had I not been here?"

"I should have escaped and sought service with your Eminence. Pah!" he went on contemptuously, with a comprehensive sweep of his arm, "they are fools, these soldiers—drunken fools. I passed their cordon twice last night. But, after all, why blame men who have a drunken fool for an officer?"

Richelleu looked at de Malines just once, then—"so you would serve me? Well! But one moment. How knew you we were coming?"

"How did M. de Mestre know, monseigneur?"

"Well answered. You are strong, I can see. A gentleman, I need not be told. You can handle a sword?"

"I have never met my match, monseigneur."

"Bravely spoken. What say you to serving in my Guard?"

There was a murmur among the escort. De Genlis leaned over in his saddle and whispered rapidly to de Malines.

Richelleu turned fiercely. "*Pardieu!* gentlemen, what is this? Am I to be dictated to as to how to recruit my own Guard?"

De Malines bowed respectfully. "Far be it from me, monseigneur, to suggest such a thing; but," he drew himself up, not without dignity, "it is too much to expect me, and men like me, to ride side by side with any low-born knave."

"Knave in your teeth!" broke in the Unknown furiously, "and liar and coward to boot! Liar, to lie your cheating self into an honorable man's estate——"

With a lightning movement the Cardinal wheeled his horse against de Malines. "Stay, monsieur," he said icily, "or I shall incline to the opinion of M. the Unknown. What! draw on an unarmed man? For shame, M. de Malines!"

"Give him a sword, then, and I——"

"You forget yourself, monsieur!" began Richelleu, when de Genlis interposed.

"Might I suggest, monseigneur? We all know and respect your Eminence's edicts against duelling—we even fear them; but this is a different case. No public interest is at stake here. My cousin has been insulted by this—gentleman, who has, well—qualified himself for your Guard. Let him be tested. You can interfere—if it goes too far."

Richelleu's eyes brightened. He loved brave sword-play. "So be it," he said at length. "But see, our recruit has no sword. Give him yours, M. de Genlis."

"I would prefer yours, monseigneur," interposed the Unknown.

Richelleu laughed good-naturedly, and, drawing his blade, handed the hilt. "You are a strange fellow," he said again.

Three minutes later de Malines was choking out his life with a sword-thrust through his throat.

There was a silence that was not without a sense of panic. There was that in the fierceness and purposefulness of the attack, and the suddenness of the end, that carried something of fear with it even to men who were familiar with violent death.

Richelleu sat impassible, thinking, thinking. At length he spoke. "Your cousin, M. de Genlis, did not live long to enjoy his inheritance. It is most unfortunate that you should have persuaded him to the encounter—for him, at least."

De Genlis bowed and muttered something.

Richelleu continued: "And now, by this unhappy contingency"—there was a biting sneer in his voice—"you, I assume, as next-of-kin, succeed to the provisional inheritance of the de Mestre estate. I leave it to you to see to the obsequies of M. de Malines."

De Genlis bowed, and turned away hastily, lest the Cardinal should see the wrath and hatred—ay, and fear—in his eyes.

"And now, Sir Unknown——"

"Monseigneur," the man interrupted, "do I understand that I am admitted as a recruit?"

"That is so."

"Then, monseigneur, let me find myself a name from the honor you have conferred on me, and be enrolled as Henri de la Garde."

"A good name. I assent. Serve me well, and you will not regret it. And now, gentlemen, make ready. We must be on the road again in half an hour."

At the siege of Rochelle, de la Garde did his duty, and more than his duty. Brave amongst the brave, foremost in the assault, last in the retreat, reputed the finest blade in a gallant company of swordsmen, he ere long won for himself a name for desperate courage. It was a current jest in camp that he feared neither man, death, nor devil—nor even the Cardinal himself. Yet he was never popular. There was, in fact, much in him that was an offence to his comrades. He never drank, gambled, nor caroused. Off the field he lived, as far as might be, a life of seclusion. Oddly enough, the peculiarity his fellow guardsmen most resented was his refusal to let his hair and beard grow. Even the Cardinal spoke to him on the subject.

"It is a vow, monseigneur," was the reply. "I told you I was landless and nameless, but I have nevertheless a name and estate to recover. Until that is achieved, monseigneur, I have sworn to keep my hair close-cut and my face shaven. If your Eminence insists, I must reluctantly ask for my discharge."

The matter was not pressed; in fact, de la Garde rose almost daily in favor with his chief. Always sober, always punctual, always zealous, he was marked out for advancement. At length, one day when off duty, he received an intimation that his Eminence commanded his presence.

Richelleu was seated alone in his quarters, writing. For several minutes he continued with bent head, taking no notice of M. de la Garde, who, on his side, remained motionless as a statue. At length the Cardinal raised his eyes.

"You are aware," he said sharply, "that M. de Genlis has made good his claim to the de Mestre estates?"

"I was not aware of it, monseigneur, but I anticipated he would. He is as clever as he is unscrupulous."

Richelleu drummed on the table impatiently. "And he has asked me for your services, as you seem intimately acquainted with the late owner and might be of use to him."

"He cannot have them, monseigneur. In serving you I am serving France. In serving M. de Genlis I should be serving the devil. You know, monseigneur, that at de Mestre he heard my declaration of my ability as a swordsman, and you know how he seized his opportunity to make use of my skill to rid himself of de Malles. Ay, I have thought since then, and I am sure of what I say. He is a dangerous scoundrel, your Eminence—a man to be feared."

"And so," said Richelleu, with a quiet smile, "we have actually found some one whom M. de la Garde fears."

"As one fears a viper or other venomous reptile——" began de la Garde, but the Cardinal held up his hand and stopped him.

For some moments there was silence. Then Richelleu got up and began to walk up and down the room unevenly, like a man in a condition of agitated indecision. At length he stopped before de la Garde.

"See here, monsieur, I am going to trust you, and, to a certain extent, I must let you into secrets of State. There is a conspiracy on the part of the Austrian party against not only my power but my life, and I believe de Genlis to be concerned in it. I am of your opinion, that he is dangerous. Now I know you to be devoted and fearless, but I want more. I want cunning to meet cunning, readiness in emergency, and skill to outwit, if it were possible, even myself. Now those qualities——"

"I possess," interposed de la Garde calmly.

"You?"

"Yes, I myself, monsieur. Some day

I will prove it. In the meantime I must ask your Eminence to permit me to give my services to M. de Genlis. He has—at least I think he believes he has—a certain hold over me, so that he will be able to terrorize me into obeying. His request to you has fallen out very fortunately."

"*Diantre*, monsieur, you are asking a great deal! So I am, according to you, to trust you in the dark?"

"Because I have no light as yet, monseigneur."

Again Richelleu hesitated. Then suddenly: "So be it! But if you fall——"

"I shall not fall, monseigneur. It is, as I have said, very fortunate that M. de Genlis should have asked for me. If he threaten me in the way I suspect, I shall point out to him that I am your Eminence's most trusted Guard, in constant attendance, and that therefore it is to his advantage that I should remain with you."

The Cardinal nodded. "I understand," he said thoughtfully—"I understand. And now, monsieur, go, and good fortune go with you."

It was a week ere de la Garde returned to his military duties. Richelleu sent for him at once.

"Well?" he inquired eagerly.

"Well, monseigneur, you are right. There is a conspiracy against your life, if it can be called a conspiracy that consists of one man. From what high sources the plot originates it is not for me to think, but the active factor consists, or consisted, of one man—de Genlis. Now there are two—de Genlis and myself."

"Ah! Then what is to be done?" asked Richelleu pleasantly. "Am I to arrest you both?"

"No, monseigneur. I will, if you permit, take him red-handed. Your Eminence still goes to his orisons at six?"

"Yes."

"In yonder small room—the one that

you had fitted up as an oratory?"

"Yes."

"Then will you not be there till half-past six this evening? Will you also see that I am on guard? I can tell no more."

Richelleu laughed hardly. "Ah! you can tell no more——" he began.

"I entreat you to trust me, monseigneur. Any evidence I could bring could not be supported, and would assuredly be discredited. Will you believe me, monseigneur?"

The Cardinal hesitated—then nodded assent. "Anything else?"

"Ware the knife, monseigneur. No opportunity will be neglected."

Richelleu smiled, and, opening his coat, revealed an undershirt of the finest mail; but there was no response on the face of de la Garde.

"Remember the great Duke of Guise, monseigneur," he said, touching his neck. "I should recommend your Eminence to wear a gorget till the danger is past."

It was close on six when de Genlis approached the Cardinal's quarters. He passed the outer guards unchallenged, save for the formal exchange of sign and countersign, and so walked to the entrance of the private apartments where de la Garde was on duty. Then came strange happenings. De Genlis took off his boots and was escorted in his stockinged feet to a closet, opening into the oratory, and the door gently closed on him. De la Garde walked noisily back to his post.

For interminable minutes de Genlis waited. The atmosphere was close and oppressive; the heavy scent of the faint wax-tapers was nauseating; through the dimness they appeared, as he gazed through the narrow chink of the door, to contract and expand, to take shapes, menacing shapes; with every sound he seemed to hear the tread of the Guard advancing to arrest him. At last—at last, came a soft

footfall, and the door of the oratory was opened.

De Genlis shrank back for a moment, and then very cautiously peeped out. Before the altar a figure could be dimly descried kneeling, motionless. There was no mistaking the scarlet simar, the red robe of the Cardinal. De Genlis noted where the lace fell away round the neck and over the left shoulder, and measured his distance, once and again. Then, with the bound of a panther, he sprang on his victim and struck home.

Home! The point glinted from some hidden steel, and, ere he could repeat the blow his wrist was seized as in a vice. There was scarce the semblance of a struggle, and he was disarmed and lying helpless on his back.

"Once too often, M. de Genlis," panted de la Garde. "Caught at last!" Then, raising his voice. "*Holà*, there—Guards!"

A dozen men came clattering into the room.

"Take this man to the guard-house," he ordered, "and bestow him there till his Eminence's pleasure be known. An attempt at assassination," he explained, as the officer on duty came, and then, in a whisper, as he threw off the Cardinal's robe, "An affair of state, my officer."

Hardly had the prisoner been removed when Richelleu entered. De la Garde was waiting at attention, apparently quite calm, except for slightly quickened breathing.

"Well, monsieur," demanded the Cardinal, "what is it? I heard something—something that sounded as if—as if I had not done ill to trust you."

"If your Eminence will examine the collar of your robe which is on yonder chair, and look at my gorget, you will see the explanation. The poniard lies there, on the floor. M. de Genlis is in the guard-house."

Richelleu did as he was requested,

"Yes," he said, after a while. "I think I understand. Still—something a little more definite, please."

"The plot, your Eminence, was to stab you at your prayers. De Genlis was admitted by me, his fellow conspirator, and concealed in yonder closet. He was then to spring out and stab you, and I was to allow him to escape. After which," de la Garde laughed gently, "I suppose I was to be shot for negligence—perhaps tortured."

"Yes, yes. But what actually happened?"

"I ventured to borrow your robe, monseigneur, and to take your place at your devotions—and was duly stabbed in the neck. Fortunately I knew what was going to happen, and"—touching his gorget—"had taken precautions. After that it was not a difficult matter to overpower de Genlis."

"He will not see another sun set. It may be advisable to condemn him for attempting to assassinate the General-in-Chief. In the meantime, M. de la Garde, you have done well, and more than well. How can I reward you?"

"Your Eminence seemed recently to question my possession of certain qualities," replied de la Garde quietly. "I should like to be permitted to try to prove I have them in some degree."

"A strange request," consented the Cardinal; "but then, as I have observed more than once, you are a strange fellow. Proceed."

"I am M. de Mestre." The voice was as unmoved as if the words had been, "I am a Frenchman." The Cardinal started and swore.

"*Diable!* I suspected you from the first, or rather at first, but de Genlis and that accursed portrait deceived me."

The Pall Mall Magazine.

"The portrait was taken many years ago, monseigneur. Besides, my hair being close and my beard shaved made a very great difference. De Genlis recognized me, nevertheless."

"He did?"

"Yes; but I suppose he thought I should be more useful at large and in his power than in the Bastille."

Richelieu was staring at the man. There was a subtle change in him, a more assured bearing, as of one who has conquered.

At length the Cardinal spoke. His voice was gentle, but not wholly friendly.

"I am much indebted to you, M. de Mestre, and you will not find me ungrateful, but I am disappointed. From a gentleman of France one expects, if not the whole truth, at any rate not falsehood. Any one can outwit by such means. Now, when I questioned you at the Château de Mestre, you did not tell me the truth."

"Pardon me, your Eminence, I told the absolute truth. I said M. de Mestre had escaped disguised as a servant; and so he had. I am here to prove it. I told you that, spurred you never so hard, you would not overtake him, and I was holding your horse."

Richelieu swung away down the room with angry strides, and for a minute there was an acute silence. Then the Cardinal spoke:

"I think, M. de Mestre, you told me of a certain vow you were keeping, till you had recovered your name and estates. My friend, I, Richelieu, relieve you of that vow. To-morrow, if you still care to serve me, you will take your place M. de la Garde, as M. de Mestre."

Claude E. Benson.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

The two hundred years that have passed since Samuel Johnson was born at Lichfield have given him a secure and unique position in the affections of his countrymen. He has almost become the tutelary genius of the English people. He embodies all that we most admire in ourselves. When we pretend to laugh at our national character, we call it John Bull; when we wish to glorify it, we call it Samuel Johnson. There have been greater writers among the English, but none of them would be so readily accepted as a public trustee. The supremacy of Shakespeare is not to be challenged, but Shakespeare is too great, too catholic, and, when all is said, too unintelligible, to stand for the typical Englishman. Moreover, Shakespeare is first of all a poet; his business is a kind of universal sympathy; and we do not know how to count on the man who exercised a faculty so illimitable and so chameleon-like. Johnson was an author almost by accident; it is the man who is dear to us, the man with all his dogmatic prejudices, his stoical courage, his profound melancholy, his hatred of sentimental palliatives, his fits of narrowness, his tenderness to all human frailty. If he has had less reputation than he deserves as a writer, it is because he has overshadowed his own fame. His success with the pen is like the success of a personal friend; it pleases us, and enables us to vindicate our affection in the presence of those who have not yet learned to love him. As for ourselves, we know that he was capable of this, and more than this. He writes noble prose, but we read between the lines to find a more intimate delight. The splendid confident march of a reasoned paragraph is less to us than the traces we detect in it of our boon-fellow and

teacher, with his exuberances and petulances and impulses of love and hate.

It is a wonderful triumph of character, and we feel it to be as creditable to us as to Johnson himself. If a purely literary history were made of the story of his life, the esteem in which he is held, amounting almost to idolatry, would indeed be difficult to explain. His greatest work, the "*Lives of the Poets*," was produced, with pain and reluctance, when he was seventy years of age. In his early years, when he sought the notice of the public, he wrote two satires in verse, grave indeed and full of a sad sincerity, but not altogether unlike the imitative literary exercises of an admirer of Juvenal. Then followed a tale of anonymous essays, prefaces and translations, sufficient unto their day, not rescued and reprinted until the close of the eighteenth century. The "*Dictionary*," great work though it be, might have been successfully carried through by a merely mechanical genius. The "*Rambler*" was never popular; for every one reader that it found Addison's "*Spectator*" found sixty. The "*Idler*" was hardly more successful. "*Rasselas*," that most melancholy of fables, and the "*Journey to the Western Hebrides*," that most ceremonious of diaries, enjoyed what can only be called a success of esteem. In short, no one of Johnson's works marked a sudden or decisive conquest of the public, unless it were the "*Dictionary*," which was a laborious piece of compilation. Yet their effect was cumulative; their author went on living and talking and writing in London, until by a slow and insensible process he was recognized as the greatest man of his time. Superstition began to attach to his sayings and doings. He had never made any advances to the

public; and the public, which is like a cat in its devotion to those who ignore it, came to him and fawned on him. The tribute was paid, not to his success in pleasing, but to his careless strength. The public, after all, is a shrewd critic of its worshippers and sectaries. When a man studies it and flatters it, it is pleased, but not deceived. It knows itself to be the patron of its most zealous sultors, and treats them with a certain proprietary kindness. No one ever dared to approach Johnson in this fashion; he never had a patron, he never went a yard out of his way to court public approbation, for twenty years he held on without complaint, until in the end he dominated and enslaved the opinion that he had not sought to conciliate. Some writers are great by their power of self-expression; they distil themselves in a book, and give away all their secrets. A small man can produce a great book if he knows how to put almost the whole of himself into it. What remains is a mere husk, to disappoint admirers of the book who seek for a more personal contact with its author. Rousseau, whom Johnson held to be a very bad man, might be regarded in another light as a very empty man, the wasted matrix of a very remarkable book. Johnson was great by his reserves; the best of him was withheld from literature; his books were mere outworks. Behind those ramparts his life was passionately private, so that those who gained access to the warmth and light that was within felt privileged indeed. They had not to fear that they would be betrayed to make a public holiday. It is small wonder that the public, who were denied so much, felt the torment of curiosity, and at last submitted themselves absolutely to the dictator of the age. They came in all humility, not as patrons, but as pupils. Johnson was constitutionally incapable of gratifying a

patron by writing or by speech; his conversation was a long series of surprises; it was not his wont to fulfil the expectations of those who talked with him. To enjoy his company a man was compelled to qualify either as a combatant or as a disciple. It is a part of the virtue of Boswell that he did well in both characters.

Johnson was a famous moralist, but it would be wrong to attribute his deepest influence to this cause, unless morality be understood in the widest of all possible senses. A man who is praised for his morality is praised not so much for himself as for his conformity to certain recognized standards. Johnson, it is true, was a conformist by principle, but the most winning part of his character was all his own. He is the humorous Englishman, who, if he cannot please by being himself, is content not to please, and gives the matter no further thought. The other peoples of Great Britain, the Scotch and the Welsh, seldom attain to this natural and regal simplicity. They are uneasily aware of a civilization stronger than their own, pressing on them at all points; so that they often run to the extremes of defiance and servility. The adaptability of the Scot has been a great instrument of empire, but the key to the imperial position is to be found in English custom and English character, as it is exemplified in Samuel Johnson. He was as self-contained and simple as a child—often, too, as wayward as a child. A kind of luminous sincerity and individuality is what makes him so irresistible. Report, even the report of Boswell, probably does too little justice to the incalculable part of Johnson's character—to the sayings that he uttered when he was thinking aloud. A reporter remembers what he understands, and sets down what his readers will appreciate. The genius of Boswell appears not least in

this, that he was willing, on occasion, to record Johnson's most whimsical and irresponsible remarks. But he must have omitted or neglected by far the greater number. Those that he has preserved are perhaps the most delightful and convincing things in his book. "I find," said Johnson, after his interview with King George, "that it does a man good to be talked to by his Sovereign. In the first place, a man cannot be in a passion—" Here he was interrupted, and his account of other lesser advantages is lost to the world. "A man who rides out for an appetite," he once said, "consults but little the dignity of human nature." Or take Boswell's half-apologetic record of an evening spent at Mr. Robert Chambers's in the Temple, in the company of a gentleman who had just employed Mr. Chambers to draft his will, devising his estate to his three sisters, in preference to a remote heir male. Johnson called the sisters "three *dowdies*," and maintained that an ancient estate should always go to males.

I have known him at times [says the biographer] exceedingly diverted at what seemed to others a very small sport. He now laughed immoderately, without any reason that we could perceive, at our friend's making his will; called him the *testator*, and added, "I daresay he thinks he has done a mighty thing. He won't stay till he gets home to his seat in the country, to produce this wonderful deed; he'll call up the landlord of the first inn on the road; and, after a suitable preface upon the mortality and the uncertainty of life, will tell him that he should not delay making his will; and 'here, Sir,' will he say, 'is my will, which I have just made, with the assistance of one of the ablest lawyers in the kingdom'; and he will read it to him (laughing all the time). He believes he has made this will; but he did not make it; you, Chambers, made it for him. I trust you have had more conscience than to make him say, 'being of sound understanding'; ha, ha,

ha! I hope he has left me a legacy. I'd have his will turned into verse, like a ballad."

In this playful manner did he run on, exulting in his own pleasantry, which certainly was not such as might be expected from the author of "The Rambler," but which is here preserved that my readers may be acquainted even with the slightest occasional characteristics of so eminent a man.

Something of Boswell's genius is revealed in a passage like this. The genius of Johnson is harder to capture and define. Perhaps it might be said to consist in an unfailing instinct for the realities of life. When he utters what sounds like a commonplace, it will be found on examination to be something far different from a commonplace, something that calls attention back to the forgotten essential, which, when once it is remembered, puts an end to the idle play of theory. "A man is loath to be angry at himself." "Babies do not want to hear about babies." "The great end of comedy is to make an audience merry." "When a man is tired of London he is tired of life." "A cow is a very good animal in a field, but we turn her out of a garden." "No man is a hypocrite in his pleasures." "It is a sad thing for a man to lie down and die." These are not wit in the usual sense of that word; but if they be understood in their context, as they were suggested by the discussion in hand, they are rarer and more potent than any wit. Nothing that Johnson ever said could conceivably be coveted by George Selwyn, or Theodore Hook, or Douglas Jerrold. He retailed no anecdotes. To Lord Shelburne, who once asked him to repeat a story for the benefit of some who had not heard it, he replied, "Indeed, my lord, I will not. I told the circumstance first for my own amusement, but I will not be dragged in as story-teller to a company." Life was for him too short and serious (and,

it might be added, too full of real delight) to be wasted in the recital of irrelevant jests. "A story," he said once, "is a specimen of human manners, and derives its sole value from its truth." Even its truth would not justify the recital unless it were a useful truth, opposite to the discourse, or fit for the need of the moment. He never cheapened life, nor depreciated company, by embellishing it with imported wit and wisdom, as musicians are called in to entertain those who have neither the will nor the power to entertain one another. He was a lover of company, and a lover does not value these aids to social pleasure. He was a moralist, a great expounder of general truths, yet it was he who said, "I had rather see the portrait of a dog that I know than all the allegorical pictures they can show me in the world."

The Times.

Because all Johnson's wisdom is vital, springing from the occasion, he is the first of all our great men dead whom we would choose to revive for the sake of his commentary on the events of our own age. Boswell loved to test his great man by devising new situations, and multiplying occasions for judgment. Who would not wish to be the first to travel with Johnson in a motor-car? What would he have said if he had been told that the pulpit of the cathedral church of Lichfield was to be used for a sermon eulogizing his virtues? We cannot tell; no one ever succeeded in anticipating his verdicts. But we may be sure that he would have felt a pleasure as deep as life in the thought that two hundred years after the day of his birth he would be loved by his countrymen and honored by a national celebration.

THE UNEARNED INCREMENT.

People pass me in the street without a second glance; sometimes even—I can't say why—with a slightly amused smile. And yet, did they but know it, I am no common man. I have done what no one ever did before—what, in all human probability, no one will ever do again.

It happened this summer, when I was staying in the country with the Plimleys. (Quite a respectable family. At least, they have gryphons on their gateposts.) When I had been there three days, and had beaten them all at golf-croquet, I asked if there was such a thing as a *Bradshaw* in the House. "Oh, but," they said, "you must stop for our Church Bazaar tomorrow. *Such fun.*" It seemed that the parishioners of Market Shortwayte had recklessly built a Gothic cottage for their sexton, and now owed £429

13s. 1d. for it. So I stayed.

When we got into the marquee the Plimleys, to a woman, deserted me, and I stood stranded in a circling throng till a girl came up to me with something large and smooth and round, worked all over with white cauliflowers.

"You *will* buy it, won't you?" she said.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Only ten shillings."

"Yes, but *what* is it?" I persisted.

"Why, a cushion, of course," said she.

"Sorry," said I, "but my size is nines." So I lost her, and went and stood by a lucky-tub, where a female bevy was fishing, with loud shrieks, for parcels, at a shilling a bite: sheer gambling—horrid! I turned to a grim, military-looking person who was

watching with apparent disapproval, and said, "Tut, tut, this sort of thing"—I had met him the day before at the Squire's but hadn't a notion who he was—"this sort of thing makes one almost sigh for Dis-establishment—what?"

It was a bad effort, because he happened to be the patron of the living, and vicar's warden, and all that. So I lost him; and then a girl came up to me with a sort of camp-bed—same girl and same cushion, in fact.

"Won't you change your mind?" she said.

"I have changed it," said I; "I thought they were cauliflowers, and now I believe they are pine-apples."

"Oh! you're horrid," she said. So we parted again, and I drifted up to the end where the band (brass) was playing a selection of ecclesiastical music. At least, "The Gadabout Girl." But, the breeze from a bombardon setting in too stiffly for me, even with my collar up, I won through to the Art Gallery. You know the sort of thing—a framed receipt for overweight luggage labelled "The Last Charge at Waterloo," and so on.

"Tut, tut," I said to the curate-showman, "if the Church encourages you to do this, my boy, I shall have to think about voting for Dis-establishment—". And then I found the patron of the living beside me, eyeing me suspiciously askance. *Real* Pan-Anglicans rather terrify me—I always suspect them of a hankering after thumb-screws; so I went out again; and *she* came round for the third time.

"It's getting shop-solled," I said. "Better have your Summer Sale, and let it go at half-price."

"Oh, you *are* horrid," she said; but she smiled (such a kind face), and I wandered away upon a disconsolate search for Plimpleys.

Next time she came round it was green; it had been red before.

"This is the other side of it," she explained.

"Heavens! . . . Well, at any rate I know the worst now," said I. And then the arrival of a plethoric gentleman in gaiters and a black apron threw the tent into a state of seething excitement, and we had to look to ourselves. By the time I had straightened my collar and tie and recovered my hat she stood before me once more.

"Look here," I said, "you're the ninth girl with a cushion—Oh! it's you! No, not to-day, thank you." But the next time we met, as I couldn't think of anything more to say, I bought it for ten shillings. "And will you kindly put it in paper for me?" I said.

"Hold it while I go and look for a *Telegraph*," she commanded, and straightway deserted me.

Shortly afterwards, catching sight of a Plimpley at last, I made towards her eagerly, to ask if I might go home and have a quiet cry. Without a sign of recognition she turned from me and deliberately got lost again! I tried to approach others; I thirsted for human companionship; but I had become an outcast. People thought I wanted to sell it. Cowards! Oh! the cowards!

When I was at my very lowest a voice sounded mockingly in my ear: "Aren't you glad you came."

I scowled fiercely, and she passed on with a pink-and-purple tea-cosy.

The slow minutes wore on, and there seemed nothing in all the world to do but cast my cushion down on some unoccupied spot and sit on it. I was debating whether to do this, or to jam it suddenly into the trumpet of the gramophone that had opened fire on my left, raise the wild war-cry of my clan, and make a dash for freedom. when a lady in front of me put up her lorgnette and studied my cushion with a cold and passionless gaze.

"Mildred," she said to her daughter, —who was old enough, as even Miss

Sutton would admit; but no matter—"Mildred, ask that young man the price of his cushion."

At that—perhaps it was something in the tone of her voice—an inexplicable longing to show my independence assailed me; to look her straight in the eyeglasses and say: "No, madam, no. Take your paltry money elsewhere. *Civis Romanus sum*,—and it's my cushion. A large thing, but mine own." But as I stood there, bowed down like a man grown prematurely old, holding up my incubus desperately with both hands by a fold of its skin, my spirit weakened.

"What is the price of that cushion, please?" said Mildred frostily.

"Fifteen shillings spot cash," I replied. "Thank you."

They took it from me. Somehow they took it from me, and I stood erect again, a free man. Oh! the blessedness of that moment! Free, free, and with the best years of my life, per-
Punch.

haps, still before me. I plunged gaily into the thick of the crowd, I laughed aloud, I no longer minded the band. . . .

Then came a fleeting vision of purple-and-pink, and an anxious voice in my ear: "Good gracious! whatever have you done with *It!*"

"Sold it again," I said triumphantly, "for fifteen shillings."

"No! The Vicar *will* be pleased," she exclaimed.

"I don't see why he should be," I answered coldly, and so pushed on, heedless of the troubled wonder in her eyes.

Well, others may fly the Channel or wander hungrily in absurd realms of ice. I will not belittle their achievements. But I am the only man who ever walked out of a Church Bazaar richer than he entered it.

That is my title to Fame. I am content to let it rest at that.

AN OLD-TIME PARSON'S TITHES BOOK.

Three hundred years ago the Cornish parish of S. Austell had as its vicar one Ralph May or Maye—spelling was nothing accounted of in his day; he reigned there for nearly forty years. Of his ministrations we know nothing, though we may suspect from his reliques that, like another "parson of the good old stock," he held that

"true religion was to do
As you'd be done by; which could
never mean
That he should preach three sermons
in a week."

But if we are in the dark as to his care of the flock, it is quite otherwise as to the fleece, for a recent unexpected find has thrown a flood of light on his business dealings with his par-

ishioners; his "Journal intime," in the shape of his "Tythes-book," was discovered a few years ago among the musty records of the parish chest. It is a marvel that it should have survived the vicissitudes of three centuries—private account books mostly find their way to the flames—and indeed it may be doubted whether any similar document is still in existence; these archives, by the way, may owe their preservation to the fact that Parson May was succeeded by his son and his grandson; moreover, the vicars of S. Austell have been long lived; Stephen Hugoe was incumbent for sixty-two years, and two others for over forty years each, so that there have been fewer "new brooms" than usual to sweep out the chest. Anyhow, they

have survived, and this discolored and dilapidated ledger, the contents of which recall the tables of sines and tangents or the calculations of Arab merchants, has awakened from its long sleep to speak to us about the sweets of office and the means of subsistence and the chaffering and bargaining of an "old-time parson" in "the spacious times of Great Elizabeth." *Litera scripta manet.*

But let us examine it within and without. It is evidently of home manufacture; the leaves are crudely stitched together and the paper is coarse to a degree. On the side it is stated that "this book of Tythes was given by Mrs. Hugoe to Mr. Harte"—Harte was a friend and flatterer of Pope and tutor to the hopeful son of Lord Chesterfield—"on his coming to the living of St. Austell in 1757." The first page is headed "St. Austell Vicaridge. Receipts in ye yeares of our Lord god 1599, 1600, 1601. R. Maye, Vic.," but the entries actually extend from 1598 to 1606—some few are as late as 1620. They profess to be in Latin, and most of them are in that language but with a curious admixture of English—the old order was then changing—an entry will sometimes begin with the one tongue and end with the other; some pages, however, are entirely in Latin and others as exclusively in English; the reader shall have an extract—only a few lines—from page 3:

Carvarth, inhabitantes.

[1599]

+ John Vyvian senr. vaccae, 5d.; vitull., 2d. ob.; herbae, 2d.; poma., 2d.; recepti 12d.

Año 1600. rec. 12d. ut in precedente [anno].

Año 1601. vaccae, 6d.; vitull., 4d. ob.; herbae, 2d.; poma., 2d.; canab. rec.

Año 1603. vacc., 6d.; vitul., 4d. ob.; herb., 2d.; poma., 2d.; canab., 2d.;

matrices, 1d.; pulli., 2d.; lina., 2d. privata acquisita 6d.; pro vellere lanae debito anno precedente, 16d.

It may be well, however, as Ben Johnson was not the only gifted Englishman who knew "little Latin and less Greek," if we give a little extract from another page (page 8) in a translation:

[1599] John Treleavane owes a mortuary, 12d.; cowes, 4d.; calves, 2½d.; ewes, 4d.; fruit, 2d.; grass, 2d.; private earnings, 12d. A funeral fee, 7d.; received.

1600. cows, 4d.; calves, 6d.; ewes, 4d.; fruit, 2d.; grass, 2d.; fowls, 1d.; private earnings of Nicholas, 12d.; received: private earnings of John Treleaven 12d.; received.

1601. cows, 3d.; calves, 5d.; ewes, 3d.; fruit, 4d.; grass, 4d.; private earnings, 12d.; hemp., 2d.; received.

Only a few lines, but how much do they reveal! He takes the parishioners, roughly, in their geographical order and sets down their precise dues, and each petty item had to be calculated afresh each year. But every animal in field or fold, almost every apple-tree or medlar in garth or orchard, is accounted for. Our good vicar, it must be remembered, lived on the "small tithes"—those from the cereals fell to the lay rector. But these small tithes afforded him some fine pickings; many pennies (and he does not discard halfpennies or farthings) make pounds. And how few things escaped his net! Not only did every tenth colt, calf or lamb (there is no mention of pigs) or its value fall to his share, but a tenth part of the value of each animal born; as soon as it was weanable it became titheable. Each fleece, too, was laid under contribution: "vellus lanae" is of not infrequent recurrence. And if sheep, cows or calves were sold or left the parish the claim, the lien, went with them; thus Agnes Scoller paid 22d. "pro agno ven-

dito," and we often hear of "vacce delocate or boves delocati." And so sharp was his outlook that in one place he gives a list of the sheep pastured in Trewydel on 13 June 1604: "of old wethers 23; young wethers 81; old yewes 28; Rammes 3; yew hoggets 43," but this list may have reference to agistment; tithe was payable on the profits made by feeding cattle on commons or elsewhere. It was also paid on barren stock, like geldings or steers. Then there is frequent mention of hens (pulli) and geese (anser: the word is always singular, but the charge, 8d., shows that it was a flock of geese; moreover, no one would keep one goose). Eggs, too, paid their quotas, and hives; mel (honey) is occasionally mentioned. Milk did not apparently furnish him any perquisites, though in some parishes every tenth quart was left at the vicarage or in the church porch. Nor does Mr. May appear to have maintained, as some parsons were by custom bound to do, "a common Bull and a Boar . . . for the increase of calves and pigs." The mention of flax or hemp reminds us that these were the days of the spinning-wheel, when every housewife made her own linen. The charges for hay seldom exceed 2d.—once it is 12d.—but three parishioners are charged viiid. apiece on hay that they had bought—probably on their profits. Not much rye was grown in this district, but rye-bread was not unknown; peas and beans were seemingly scarce.

But in this seaboard parish the Vicar's gains were much augmented by the tithe of fish, the "harvest of the sea"; such tithes, indeed, have been paid in Cornwall almost within living memory. The different boats mostly compounded for a fixed annual sum; the Trinity and the Perel [Pearl?] paid 12s. each; the Colt, which seems

to have done a brisk trade in pilchards and mackerell, "xxs. and 6d." But, alas! the good man did not always get his dues, for he complains of the ar-reragia piscium—and not of fish alone; John Honye, for example, paid vijs. in 1602, but "he oweth other vijs." For Thos. Allyn's debts R. Tredinam had stood surety. Stephen Dadow paid 8s. 2d. for de antique (sic) per patrem debita. Farmers and graziers often compounded, as well as mariners; Easter was the usual time for settlement. The compositions do not seem to have been reduced to writing—apart from this book; probably few of Mr. May's flock could read or write, but they were made in the presence of witnesses; the agreement for 15s. de anno in annum with J. Josephe was made "testibus Wo. Carlyan et Eduardo Hooper." Most of the tithe-payers seem to have toed the line in person: sometimes they got a trifle back; of Johannes Scollier, who paid xs., the Vicar records that he gave him 6d.; of Phillip Dadow that "computavit pro omnibus et est dismissus quietus." Sometimes the money was remitted by friend or neighbor—the parish then covered some 13,000 acres, so the distances were considerable. Scollier, who got the sixpence, on another occasion "solvit per manus Thome Congon"; "R. ffarrowe exoneratur per manus Johannis filii sui"—this looks as if no receipts were furnished. There were evidently fixed days for payment, and the Vicar probably sat in the church to receive his dues; he certainly did for his Easter Offerings; he tells us what these oblations yielded in 1600: driblets arrived most days of Easter week, the first day only 12d., the second xijs. vjd., tercio in ecclesia ijs. ijd.; on the fourth vijs. xd.; on the fifth xxxvijs. 8d., and on the last liiji js. 4d.; altogether £6 3s. 6d.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

To their "Wisdom of the East" series E. P. Dutton & Co. add a little volume called "The Splendor of God." It is made up of extracts from the sacred writings of the Bahais, with an introduction by Eric Hammond, who expounds sympathetically this Persian faith of "the door."

William Stearns Davis, author of "A Friend of Caesar" and several other historical novels, and at present Professor of History in the University of Minnesota, is the author of a convenient and compact "Outline History of the Roman Empire" from 44 B. C. to 378 A. D. It is a serviceable little volume which fills a recognized gap in historical text books for college classes. The Macmillan Co.

A useful and attractive book for children's supplementary reading in schools, or for their reading at home is Charles Morris's second book upon "Home Life in All Lands" in which the manners and customs of uncivilized peoples as to kings and their courts, laws and their penalties, courtship and marriage, travel and transportation, industries, amusements and much else beside are entertainingly described and illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co.

A little volume so useful that it is a marvel that no one has prepared it before is J. Walker McSpadden's "Waverley Synopses" in which, within the narrow compass of less than three hundred small but clearly printed pages, the reader will find the cast of characters and an outline of the plot of each of the Waverley novels, followed by a complete index of characters of all of them. The arrangement is chronological, in the order of the pe-

riod in which the scenes are laid. The little volume should find its place on every shelf which holds the Waverleys. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

The three lectures which Professor Basil L. Gildersleeve groups under the title "Hellas and Hesperia" are printed substantially as they were delivered on the Barbour-Page Foundation at the University of Virginia. They are neither so formal nor so formidable as one might infer from the title. They are off-hand, unpedantic and illuminating discourses, directing attention to resemblances between Greek and American institutions, conditions, ways of thought and feeling, life and character. They are easy reading and the personal and reminiscent element gives them a flavor. Henry Holt & Co.

Boy readers are invited into a new and promising field of adventure in "The Boy with the U. S. Survey" by Francis Rolt-Wheeler, which opens a series which is to be devoted to stories of the United States service in different departments. The story is wrought out of actual experiences and is full of healthful excitement. The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, who publish it, add "The Football Boys of Lakeport" to Mr. Edward Stratemeyer's Lakeport series; open "The Five Chums Series" by Norman Brainerd with "Winning his Shoulder Straps," a story of life in a military school; and offer to girl readers "The Coming of Hester" by Jean K. Baird, a story of school life, and "Mother Tucker's Seven" by Angelina W. Wray. All are illustrated.

"Janet at Odds" is the title of the new volume in Miss Anna Chapin Ray's "Sidney" Books, and it describes

the story perfectly, for clever Janet, having taken upon her young shoulders the heavy task of managing a company of "paying guests" during the Quebec pageants, contrives to put herself in all manner of false and awkward positions. The question of the comparative merits of the Canadian and the American occasionally ruffles the peace of the other personages, and a comic baby amuses everybody except the unfortunate having charge of him for the moment. The little company of characters includes no unworthy figures, and the young girls for whom the book is intended may imbibe some instruction in good behavior from its pages. Little, Brown & Co.

The gift of conferring dignity upon an ugly, awkward, insignificant, tactless person by the mere bestowal of all the Christian virtues is so rare that great is the darling of the author who assumes himself to possess it; but Mrs. Henry Dudeney has contrived to effect the miracle in "Trespass." It is not, to tell the truth, a literary season favorable to the elegant sinner; he has twice been scientifically flayed—both times by women—but in each case he figured upon a crowded stage and his punishment was but one in a procession of incidents. In Mrs. Dudeney's book, there are but three personages of importance; the sinner, his victim and the plain, rather ridiculous man who gives the woman his name and not only forces his world to accept her at his valuation but compels the sinner to show her respect and to do homage to her protector. The author minutely paints all three persons, and is almost equally successful with the three; the fastidious brute, the aspiring, absurd saint, and the woman whose physical beauty masters the beholder, compelling respect and sometimes envy from those of inferior charm even although they are con-

scious of the superior beauty of goodness. It is to be feared that repetition has left the ordinary novel reader too cynical to find any story of the "two and another" as moving as it should be, but in Mrs. Dudeney's hands, it comes as tragic as if quite unhackneyed. The book reveals her possession of powers not disclosed or even hinted in her former novels. Small, Maynard & Co.

If one child be capable of destroying the dignity of a state dinner, the solemnity of a funeral, the stateliness of a wedding, the seriousness of any and every conceivable ceremonial occasion, what effect should half the bables of a neighborhood produce upon the life of a gentle, sensible, wise little spinster, whose days are passed in supplying the gaps left in their nurture by the ignorance, stupidity, indolence or bad temper of their parents? For answer, read "Miss Selina Lue," in which Miss Maria Thompson Davies paints the portrait of a humble household saint, who makes her village grocery a shelter for all the little children who live near. Into her life of self-sacrifice come at last a lovely girl, one of the lilies of the field, and a handsome young artist out of favor with his millionaire father for preferring art to finance, and their love makes a pretty romance of one summer. Goodness so excessive as to provoke laughter is rare but possible, and one may find it and enjoy it in reading "Miss Selina Lue." Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Consumption having been well advertised by the advocates of the fresh air cure, and invested with novel terrors under the name of the "white plague," is now so interesting to possible sufferers of all ages and all degrees of health, that Mr. Edward O. Otis's "The Great White Plague," will find its circle of readers quite prepared to re-

ceive it. The author reviews the changes in the popular attitude towards the disease and its treatment, discusses the measures now deemed remedial, and gives interesting statistics as to the decrease in cases of the disease. Inasmuch as this decrease began more than half a century ago, and had risen to more than fifty per cent. in some localities, it is plain that the value of the new treatment is not easily computed, but its remedial effect in early stages and its palliative effect in all has been demonstrated, and Dr. Otis's book, being simply and clearly written will be an excellent agent in aiding its good work. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

"Why was not this book written long ago?" is a question highly complimentary to the work evoking it, and one can hardly refrain from putting it after examining Mr. Hubert Bouce Fuller's "The Speakers of the House." Mr. Fuller begins his task by giving a brief sketch of the English speakership and of the Colonial speakers, and then epitomizes the life and work of the Speakers of the House of Representatives, giving a personal sketch of each one, a sketch of which the length is determined exactly by the importance of the man. "The Greatest of American Speakers" is his name for Clay. Stevens is a hero; Blaine he regards with sympathy so strong that he accuses Grant of plotting against him; he reproves the present Speaker for appropriation of powers belonging to his fellow members. As a whole, the book is well written, but the introduction of such odd collocations of syllables as "slavocrats" and "slavocracy" is to be regretted; the English language is quite adequate to express the feelings of the historian, and the use of such terms merely confuses readers to whom words have a definite meaning. Little, Brown & Co.

The sole unlikeness between "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," and "The Land of Long Ago" is that the nine stories of the latter are not the same as those in the former volume. It is true that in most cases this especial unlikeness would be the only point of importance, but in the work of Eliza Calvert Hall, as in that of the late Miss Jewett, it is the fine pervading spirit of charity that is the especial attraction. Let her write of what she will, she makes her readers see it at its best, and when her subject is really congenial the glow and fervor of her manner is heart warming. Two or three pages on flower perfumes in "A Ride to Town," the first story in this book, will become classic if there be any justice in literary fate. The good parson and the princely squire of "The House that was a Wedding Fee" are a pair worthy to be remembered long. "The Courtship of Miss Amaryllis" has a wonderfully idyllic melancholy; "Aunt Jane Goes a-Visiting" shows the possibility of perfect sympathy between rusticity and cosmopolitan breeding, "if love be there"; "The Marriage Problem in Goshen" should soothe some of those who despair of the republic because of divorces; "An Eye for an Eye" is a lesson in kindness for selfish husbands, and "The Reformation of Amos" is a perfect substitute for a temperance lecture; "In War Time" reveals one of the obscure heroines of the Civil War, and "The Watch Meeting" illumines a whole village. Such are the stories, each one taking an independent and unhackneyed view of the world, and worth reading even if they were written with cold hardness. The book has an illuminated title page, and excellent pictures and chapter headings, by Mr. G. P. Nelson and Miss Beulah Strong and a cover on which one sees Aunt Jane through a strawberry frame, the strawberry being the present glory of Kentucky. Little, Brown & Co.